

THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts,
and Public Affairs.*

Volume VII

New York, Wednesday, November 30, 1927

Number 4

CONTENTS

Shall Women Think?.....	743	Winter Bison (<i>verse</i>).....	May Lewis	758
Week by Week.....	745	Communications		758
Reform by Sarcasm.....	748	The Play.....	R. Dana Skinner	760
Comfort on Credit.....	749	Poems.....	Elizabeth Coatsworth	
How Protestants See Us, I....	J. Elliot Ross	750	Edward H. Pfeiffer, Charles Oluf Olsen,	
Music from Heaven (<i>verse</i>).....			John Mullen, Margaret Widdemer,	
	Daniel Sargent	752	Joseph Rocco,	762
A Great Field's Harvest.....			Books.....	Henry Longan Stuart,
	George N. Shuster	753	John Stapleton, Ernest Brennecke, jr.,	
American Painting in 1927.....			Gladys Graham, Bertram C. A. Windle,	
	Morton Dauwen Zabel	755	Thomas Walsh	763
Brush Fire.....	Leo L. Ward	757	The Quiet Corner.....	768

SHALL WOMEN THINK?

MR. PADRAIC COLUM has written about American life for the Dublin Studies, and paused during the course of his remarks to derive a moral from the cartoons of Mr. Briggs: "Briggs's pictures portray a life in which neither mystery nor joy could possibly enter—a life lived by a successful, dyspeptic man, a competent, unhumorous woman, and a solitary child who has obviously never played, and who will grow up to be a successful dyspeptic man, and will marry a competent, unhumorous woman." The moral lies in the fact that the Briggs illustrations are held to describe American life realistically and in good faith, just as the Bruce Barton books outline the American soul realistically and in good faith. Now we are not disposed to mind the male success and dyspepsia very keenly. They are, after all, the result of circumstances under which dissatisfied Europeans, finding little to devour in their own lands, came here to forage and—overeat. But the competent, unhumorous woman? And the solitary child who has never played? Mr. Colum himself seems to repent a little these darkling caricatures, because he goes ahead generously attributing several virtues to Americans—including that of intellectual humility. Indeed this last virtue does seem to belong almost exclusively to us!

Naturally it cannot be our purpose to outline here what seems to be the individuality of the American woman, or to sketch the environment by which she is modified. One detail can be isolated, however, and tentatively described; and this is the purpose of feminine education. In its higher forms this education has recently been reviewed in the Atlantic Monthly on behalf of various women's colleges. Attention was drawn to the meagre support which institutions for women have received from the generous public; to the administrative handicaps which poverty has imposed; and to the question, "of justice rather than of chivalry," as to what is going to be done. The genuine services rendered by educated women to the community at large were stressed without glorification. We were informed that the percentage of college graduates who marry is fully equal to the percentage of wedded women in the families from which they come. "The interest of the college graduate in the community," it was said with the aid of numerous statistics, "is a keen and generous one." Unqualified agreement with all this is in order.

A very real problem has, however, attended all efforts to educate women, and this is the problem of orientation. What is the college-trained girl to do after she leaves her books? In the old days it was

simply assumed that she would marry and, after a fashion, intellectualize domesticity. Later on feminist leaders and others boldly asserted that marriage had nothing to do with the matter—that education for women was the same thing as education for men and envisaged the same purposes. Today it is quite clear that neither of these generalizations will do. A good many women never marry, and beyond that there is every reason why home activities should not separate *mothers and wives entirely from the businesses of the community*. On the other hand, the bottom has completely fallen out of the theory of “sexual equality.” One notes with interest that the German “League of Women’s Societies,” typical in this respect of numerous feminist organizations, has officially repudiated the theory that “woman is the same as man.” In this country several colleges have established courses in child rearing and similar practical matters, offering them not as substitutes for but as adjuncts to the regular cultural course. It is even felt in many places that politics as a concern has weakened rather than widened the influence of woman, because it has tended to subject her special interests to larger community moods.

We may say, therefore, that in one sense the “orientation” of woman’s education has become clearer. Everybody of importance realizes that she is not the same creature as man, and is not designed to do precisely the same things. It is clear that her education is to prepare her for the mastery of the tasks she can accomplish better than anybody else. Just as far as this view can be made to prevail, that manish form of “competence” against which Mr. Colum raises his voice will disappear. In its place there will come—and is already coming here in America faster than almost anywhere else—an intelligent knowledge of how to meet realities. Educated women will not be the familiar “Dumb Doras” of post-mediaeval times, calming their babies with soothing syrups and surrendering the brood to cramps of fear and colic. Nor will they be unexpressive milkmaids, ready—in ever so touching a fashion—to exemplify the masculine concept of “humorous.” And it is already perfectly clear that woman now upholds, practically alone, the platform upon which cultural effort in the United States is being made.

This last fact is particularly true from a Catholic viewpoint. One could hardly imagine how deep would be Catholic subservience to cultural influences that come from the world outside were it not for sisters’ colleges and their graduates. In spite of the fact that many religious women teachers are utterly swamped by the loads they have to carry, theirs is the enthusiasm and energy which alone keeps the Catholic will to live intellectually alive in our United States. There exists in such colleges a real alacrity to confront the world as a place in which human beings can do more than vegetate. And it is astonishing to see how completely an attempt to catalogue significant Catholic action in the general domain of

our civilization tends to become an appendix to the history of the sisters’ schools. Furthermore, the example of combined competence and humor there manifested is a really enviable one.

Yet, having said all these things, the fact remains that “orientation” is still a vast problem confronting feminine education. America has made many a place for educated women. They have proved their value in journalism, literature, welfare work and some of the professions. On the other hand, many a door has remained conspicuously shut. The Atlantic Monthly writers call attention to the absence of women from general university faculties. From a Catholic point of view, one may assert respectfully that even colleges for women have presented no opportunities for the trained teacher or research worker who is numbered among their alumnae. It is almost impossible for a first-rate woman to find a position commensurate with her abilities in this field. Indeed she must resign herself to the necessity for accepting crumbs dropped from the table of the public school system, which often views her askance because of her affiliations. Trained to be active in a specifically Catholic sense, she nevertheless finds no ready outlet for her activity. Where is the cultural service she can render? Where is the Catholic literary enterprise which can afford a livelihood? Where, to resort to figurative diction, is the cloth upon which she can embroider the pattern she has learned and loved?

As a matter of fact, the social and cultural efficacy of American Catholic women is confined almost entirely to the sphere of leisure which remains to those who have married comfortably. Here association and earnest endeavor usually germinate. And precisely because it is true to say that this association and activity are productive of many good things, it is legitimate to believe that the Church and the nation are losing a vast amount of exemplary energy, wasted because it never gets into the “leisure sphere,” because it must wearily cling to tasks which stifle ambition and development, which are eternally outside the personality of the individual. When one considers how heavy is the burden which religious education is carrying in this country, it seems too bad that some way cannot be found to absorb vitality which is going to waste. Here one comes round, of course, to the same problems of financing and administration which confront the secular women’s colleges. It is difficult to propose a solution for them, but one does feel that an answer might be found if everybody set energetically to looking for one.

Beyond that there are many questions to which women themselves must respond. Never in history were the general cares of the community so closely interwoven with the special points of view fostered by the nursery, the home and the feminine professions generally. We need to hear the voices of Christian, of Catholic women. And if their tone lack humor, we shall console ourselves with their competence.

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1927, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.



MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH

MARY KOLARS

HENRY LONGAN STUART

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS

JAMES J. WALSH

CARLTON J. H. HAYES

R. DANA SKINNER

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

United States: \$5.00
Canada: 5.50

Foreign: \$6.00
Single Copies: .10

WEEK BY WEEK

RECENTLY the Hearst papers have been giving publicity to documents exposing efforts by President Calles of Mexico to establish a "liberal" government in Nicaragua, to embarrass United States opposition through the influence wielded by paid propagandists, and to cement relations with Sovietism. Nobody at all informed will question the authenticity of these stolen missives. They differ in no important particular from the "archives" which came to light after the collapse of the last Guatemala revolution and which were accepted by the Washington authorities themselves as genuine. More of such evidence is available than the average innocent bystander imagines. The real problem is, why did Mr. Hearst purchase this material and decide to publish it? Why did he break through the iron ring of silence which the press generally has thrown round the Mexican situation? We have no reply to suggest. It should be noted, however, that most of what has been published so far bears upon the situation as it existed prior to actual intervention by the United States in Nicaragua. Everything done by Calles to promote his interests in Nicaragua may, therefore, not unfairly be termed a prelude to what Secretary Kellogg did to advance United States interests. Even more important is the circumstance that the Hearst documents antedate the appointment of Mr. Dwight Morrow to the embassy at Mexico City. Our guess is, therefore, that an attempt is being made to influence the Morrow policy in some way conformable with the viewpoint of a great land-holder in Sonora.

MR. MORROW'S appointment represents a final effort to come to terms with the Calles régime. One may not unreasonably hold that the reported decision of the Mexican supreme court terming the petroleum laws not retroactive is the fruit of this effort. At any rate, we believe that the State Department is to be commended for trying everything possible to settle its problems in Mexico amicably. If Mr. Morrow can succeed, well and good. Now the information Mr. Hearst is publishing can do good if it helps to bring home to the American people the seriousness of their relations with Mexico, and if it does something toward clearing people's vision of the whole catastrophic situation. On the other hand, it can do much harm if it helps to cause a repetition of the same mistake made in 1914—the error of intervention, of virtually forcing the State Department to guarantee one constitution and one political organization south of the Rio Grande. Short of downright determination to annex Mexico, there is nothing for this country to do but to permit the Mexicans to work out their salvation for themselves. We believe they can do so, provided it once becomes evident that United States influence, money and ammunition are not supporting some individual or policy. Unfortunately this has not been evident since 1914; and to a large extent the present collapse of civilization in Mexico is also the collapse of our policy regarding Mexico.

FINALLY it is obvious that what Mr. Hearst is printing must not be confused with the Catholic issue in Mexico. Whether Calles has fostered communistic movements at odds with United States purpose and desire is one thing, the conclusions from which must be drawn by the proper diplomatic authorities. That the same Calles has resolutely inflicted upon Catholics unparalleled ignominy and persecution is another matter entirely. So long as Mexico is a sovereign nation it has the right to seek its own political ends, regardless of what the aims of the United States may be. The only way to settle disputes arising in this domain is the time-honored method of diplomacy and its aftermath of war. But a Mexican régime which uses all the methods of brutality to dispossess the great majority of its subject citizens of their religious heritage, which actually substitutes for Christian ethics and freedom the mingled lawlessness and autocracy of its own immature Bolshevik mind, does not possess the stature of a civilized, sovereign nation. Sooner or later it must fall, after the manner of all tyranny. It is our duty to see that the honor and good name of the United States are not caught in such a crash. And they certainly will be if we continue to act as if nothing untoward were happening in Mexico—or even as if "progress" were actually being made.

MISSISSIPPI flood control is bound to come in for wide discussion and, if necessary, to abide for some

time as a political issue. Those familiar with the situation have been steering the public away from impracticable, "sentimental" schemes, and trying to concentrate attention upon certain dependable major remedies. Secretary Hoover insists that the effort to curb the stream must at the same time enlarge the utility of the stream—that the Mississippi is not only a force that wreaks destruction but a valuable waterway, linking markets and sources of supply. And although many Southerners feel that just now the flood is the thing, there is no doubting the federal government's resolve to bear in mind the serviceability of the river channel. That government is badly in need of a scientific survey of the entire situation, embodying the conclusions of several investigating groups. At present the plan drawn up by General Jadwin, chief of the army engineers, represents the only notable progress that has been made toward learning the facts. Emphasis is laid upon the construction of wider and higher levees from Cairo to the Gulf. These would require the expenditure of nearly half a billion dollars during a number of years. Since nobody familiar with the situation seems to doubt that levees are the most important factor, it would obviously be wise to go ahead with building them, allowing subsidiary developments to wait until necessity and science combine to prove them helpful. Meanwhile one can profitably regret that a real catastrophe was required to show clearly how little we had learned to know the river during the many years that the Mississippi Commission was in official existence.

TEMPERATE and friendly as a rule when it is concerned with doctrinal differences, our esteemed contemporary, the Living Church, of Milwaukee, occasionally produces an editorial that could not be better designed if its purpose were to certify its complete Protestantism. An instance is the leading article in its issue of November 5, attacking what it chooses to term the "establishment" in New York by "the Roman Curia" of a lay ecclesiastical lawyer, whose function will be to inquire into and advise upon questions of matrimonial nullity. "It is impossible for us," the article declares, "to think of words strong enough to condemn adequately this violation of both political and religious proprieties." What was not impossible for the Living Church was a step which every well-advised newspaper and magazine editor takes before making such a charge. A letter addressed to the official quarter would have shown that Chevalier Giacinto Leccisi, while a qualified advocate and counselor at canon law in Rome, is in New York entirely of his own initiative; that he has no official approval at all, either from Rome or from the Archdiocese of New York other than that given him by his professional qualifications; and that by a decision of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, all advocates in processes who are not clerics, are excluded from participation in the diocesan curia.

THE distinguished American anthropologist, Dr. Alš Hrdlička, who has recently been in London to receive the Huxley Medal of the Royal Anthropological Society, has committed himself, in the address delivered on that occasion, to the opinion that the Neanderthal race was not exterminated by the Cro-Magnons, but that he is definitely in the line of human descent. There has been much difference of opinion on this point. In fact, Sir Arthur Keith, who has recently been expressing himself very strongly as to man and his origin, definitely stated in 1911 that, in his opinion, the Neanderthal type was the stock from which all existing modern races have arisen. By 1915 he had changed his mind and affirmed that the Neanderthals had completely died out, leaving no traces in existing races; a complete volte-face. Dr. Hrdlička, whose opinion on a question of this kind is of prime importance, agrees with the earlier Keith and further makes it quite clear that the semi-bestial idea of the Neanderthal man is wholly wrong, since that race was in a fluid state and presented skulls of varied character, none of them truly bestial.

UNUSUAL ecclesiastical and civic splendor has graced the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, where the Right Reverend Joseph N. Dinand, S.J., former president of Holy Cross College, was consecrated Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic of Jamaica. It was, perhaps, a symbol of the new vigor and sturdy resolve to grow which have settled upon this goodly old New England college. We, who like to number ourselves among the personal friends of Bishop Dinand, offer him our best wishes and our prayers at the outset of this apostolic journey. The region of Jamaica is not new to him, who has been a missionary priest, and doubtless he will receive a cordial welcome. Nevertheless, one confesses to deep regret that this parting ever became necessary. Nowhere among the American Jesuits was there a more gracious or illustrious man. Indeed, one sometimes felt that along with the specific virtues which characterize his own order, he possessed the peace of Benedict and the loving humility of Francis. It is part of the fate and glory of Ignatians that they must constantly pluck their best flowers for foreign mission bouquets. Knowing that, one does not mind so intensely the empty place that now exists at Holy Cross.

LARGELY as a result of the great war, utilitarian drabness has descended upon the dress of soldiers, and it is pleasant to see the War Department at Washington initiating a return to more colorful practices by giving permission for certain ranks in the regular forces to wear the uniform of former days upon ceremonial occasions. The permission, it is worth noting, was in response to a request by the colonel of the Third Infantry, a corps founded in 1785, that the uniform of that period might be worn by drum majors and regimental sergeant majors on dress parades, in

order to remind members of the regiment of its long and honorable history. Nothing is of such value to that precious quality, esprit de corps, as reminders that though individuals perish the corps continues. There were many such quaint customs formerly in European armies, and some of them persist. The ashes of La Tour d'Auvergne, "first grenadier of France," are no longer carried at the head of his regiment. But a goat still walks sedately before the band of one famous Welsh regiment in the British army, and numbers worn on the back and front of the cap recall the back-to-back fight of another in Egypt. Our own regimental histories are full of glorious traditions, never forgotten, one may be sure, by the men who have inherited them. Unfortunately they are little known by the general public and anything that tends to preserve and commemorate them is, therefore, to be heartily commended.

EXHILARATING as it is found by the less mature intelligentsia at home, the Mencken-Nathan brew seems to lose some of its sparkle under a sea voyage. In a review of *Land of the Pilgrim's Pride*, a book written by the junior member of the firm, the Manchester Guardian is at no pains to conceal its disgust. "Vulgar trash . . . which suggests the authorship of a pert schoolboy," is the best comment it can find for some of the scintillant Nathan epigrams. One sentence to which it takes exception deserves quotation in (almost) textual beauty. "Morality is a species of disease, of weakness. The completely healthy man is never a moralist." Having no intention of following the editors of the Mercury into the twilight of one of their pet obsessions, we are leaving the implication incomplete. We only wish to point out that to bring such a charge against a group which includes (mentioning only a few names that leap to memory) Augustine, Milton, Addison, Wordsworth, Cobbett, Louis Veuillot and Lord Shaftesbury, is an instance of effrontery hard to qualify. English criticism of American writers does not, as a rule, impress us. But the Manchester Guardian has fallen foul of a very foul suggestion and is entitled to its indignation.

WE FIND in the issue of October 29 of the Tablet, of London, an editorial note of sad concern to our readers: "A melancholy interest attaches to this week's letter from Rome, printed above: it is the final contribution to the Tablet from a hand now stilled in death. With great regret we have to state that Mr. Lancelot J. S. Wood, who many years ago succeeded the late Monsignor Prior as Rome correspondent to this paper, was found dead on Tuesday last in a sleeping car of the Rome-Milan express, from an attack of syncope. Mr. Wood was sixty-one years of age. He was educated at Radley and at New College, Oxford, and was a convert to the Church. In addition to his weekly letter from the Eternal

City, where he had resided for nearly twenty years, he wrote a number of occasional articles for the Tablet, the latest of these being the paper on the Roman question concluded in the present issue; his work was seen also, from time to time, in the Dublin Review and in Catholic reviews and magazines in the United States. Mr. Wood had many friends both in Italy and in this country, and there will be deep and widespread sympathy with his widow in her bereavement." Among the American journals to which the late Mr. Wood contributed, *The Commonwealth* perhaps has stood first in the number and importance of the articles from his pen. Greatly as our readers in general will miss his authoritative work, those among them who, through personal experience when visiting Rome were well aware of the high personal qualities of Lancelot Wood, will be chief mourners.

SELDOM has there been such an anthropological riot as that which has attended upon the Glozel discoveries. For months the most thunderous adjectives in the dictionary have been festooning the scientific comment of the *Mercure de France* and other journals. As yet no one has been challenged to a duel, but reputations have been bombarded heavily. The origin of the trouble—which ought to make it easy for even the most effervescent among the scientifically minded to understand the acid quality of certain old theological disputes—is a series of objects unearthed on a farm and since diligently classified and discussed by many of the most eminent living anthropologists. According to Dr. Morlet, the leader of those who believe in the authenticity of the findings, Glozel proves various surprising things: that culture, including the alphabet, originated in Europe, not in Asia: that here is to be found the link between the paleolithic and the neolithic epochs in so far as humanity is concerned; and that, in short, the year 1927 has to its credit the most revealing excavation yet completed. But if one credits M. R. Dussaud and others, the whole deposit is what the ordinary American terms a fake. It is contended that the "objects" were buried at Glozel by some person interested in creating a furore, and that the circumstances under which they were unearthed are, to say the least, of a most questionable character. Recently an "international commission" has been investigating the matter; but many feel that even its report, now eagerly awaited by the contending forces, will not settle the matter one way or another. After all, say what you will, science is developing a salutary habit of self-criticism.

MAKING no secret of their intention to storm the state capitol at Albany if necessary, a group of reformers is bent upon the suppression of the prize fight in New York State. Having no advance information of the case they are going to make out, we will merely express a hope that any steps that are taken by the New York legislature to suppress the

uglier aspects of the pugilistic game will not act as a blanket discouragement of exhibitions of boxing, carried out under sane and honorable conditions. Bearing pain without losing heart or temper is a valuable asset in whatever field it is found. Maeterlinck once declared that the clever boxer "exhaled peace like a flower." This sounds like a flower of rhetoric itself, but it has some basis in truth. The knowledge that a man can, at need, keep his head with his hands is a great help to moral and physical poise. Perhaps the best comment the whole question of the noble art of self-defense ever received came from Thomas Hughes. Meekness under affront, the author of *Tom Brown at Rugby* told us, might be a proof of the highest courage if it proceeded from Christian motives. It was quite legitimate if it came from nothing better than a dislike of physical pain. But to practise it from the lower motive while claiming the credit of the higher was neither Christian nor manly.

REFORM BY SARCASM

THREE weeks ago a young friend of this review, with time upon his hands, undertook to conduct an investigation, quite informal and unofficial, upon public spirit in New York. The method consisted in a friendly questionnaire addressed to fifteen of his contemporaries who are citizens and voters, upon their activities during the recent municipal election. Defining social classes in our country is always a difficult and dubious task. But the exact category put under scrutiny may be easily understood when it is admitted that they were all members of one of the older university clubs, who had graduated into college from prep school, and into finance or the professions from college.

As not one of the fifteen was able to reply that he had gone near the polling station, the inquiry naturally took a wider scope and became a request for the reasons that had led to abstention. The replies differed so little in substance that it was found possible to bushel them, as it were, under three heads. First, politics was a business like any other, and did not happen to be the business of the examinee. Secondly, the city was too big and too emancipated from any sort of control by the older, more conservative stocks for a vote by one of them to be anything but an idle gesture. Thirdly, if abuses existed, it was better to laugh them out of existence than to try to vote them out of existence.

Of all the motives given for standing aside, the third is, perhaps, the only one calling for any comment that can label itself timely. The theory that politics is a business, a matter of mutual accommodation and support between groups who have nothing so little at heart as civic betterment, is so old as almost to have attained the indignity of a working thesis. It is regretted, it is even occasionally attacked during one of those spasms of righteousness that call

themselves "good government movements." But through sheer force of gravity, it seldom fails to re-exert its force when the brief flush of reforming enthusiasm is spent.

The second plea in extenuation of civic supineness is harder to deal with. Prejudice based upon racial or religious differences is an ancient story. All that can be said about it just now is that, within the memory of many still living, it has shifted its locale. An impression that the influence of the older stocks is waning, gleaned only from large centres of population, is profoundly misleading. In something far beyond the technical sense usually given the phrase, our government remains one of checks and balances. Civic aloofness in big cities on the part of the older stocks can only be estimated aright when it is confronted with their concentration in Congress, the judiciary and higher finance. The first test on a nation-wide scale that this concentration will ever have encountered may or may not be upon us in the next twelve months.

Less contentious and quite as interesting is the theory that abuses in civic life can be left for ridicule to deal with. For what it really amounts to is a claim that the faculty of indignation, found so effective by our fathers, is an outworn method for redressing evils, and that the irony familiar as a social reform weapon in older countries is taking its place. The viewer with alarm, the indignant citizen, are placed in the perspective of the past. To them succeed the columnist, the editor of the smarter Broadway journal, and the indefatigable collector of Americana from prairie cities and mountain townships. "Castigat ridendo mores" becomes the new reforming slogan. Great is ridicule and shall prevail!

One rather wonders what the success of this old-world rapier in American hands is going to be. Misgivings arise at the very start. Indignation may be a clumsy affair. The blows it delivers may not be difficult for cooler and nimbler antagonists to parry. But it has the supreme merit of being communicable. However unlettered and uncouth an audience may be, it has always been possible for a speaker, speaking from his wounded convictions, to fuse it to a heat where differences of intelligence disappear in the amalgam. Irony, on the other hand, is lethal but cold. For its acceptance it presupposes a level of intelligence at least approaching the coefficient of the reformer by sarcasm. And this is not its only disadvantage. Inevitably, by calling attention to its own poise in an unbalanced world, it casts disrepute upon feeling in contrast to thinking, and erects a mental barrier between it and the very elements it must reach. Because, for one man who thinks, there are thousands who feel. Indignation, Juvenal tells us, creates the verse. Until the new reformers by laughter have something more tangible to show as the result of their wit than is demonstrable at present, we shall continue to believe it also delivers the vote.

COMFORT ON CREDIT

EVERYBODY knows that commerce reposes upon credit. This rule is so old that the scriptural parable could use the story of borrowers threatened with foreclosure as an example familiar to all. What has not been so clear, however, is the relationship which the peculiar form of credit known as "instalment buying" bears to modern industry. Many have bluntly asserted that the practice is bad business from two points of view. The merchant, these hold, discovers that his goods are tied up in the meshes of family budgets gone awry with promises to pay for this or that; and the consumer, who has acquired a multitude of devices on the credit established by his earning power, is beset each month with due bills which—to say the least—take the joy out of life. On the other hand, so major an industry as the making of automobiles had found that instalment credit was its recipe for success. The time was ripe for an analysis of the situation. This has now been supplied through investigations conducted during the past year and a half by Professor Edwin R. Seligman, Columbia political economist, and his corps of assistants.

At a dinner given in New York City on November 18, the significance of Professor Seligman's findings was offered as a topic for general careful consideration. The host was Mr. John J. Raskob, chairman of the finance committee of General Motors Corporation, who had sponsored the investigation. Mr. Raskob sketched the dimension of the automotive industry, saying that it now creates new wealth to the amount of \$10,000,000,000 annually, "which is just about the average annual value of farm crops in this country during the past four years." These figures become more impressive when one remembers that automobile wealth is created almost entirely inside the United States, and that nearly three and three-quarter millions of persons depend for their livelihood "upon this one industry." If it suddenly closed down the reduction in employment would be almost as great "as occurred in the depression of 1921." To have brought such an industry into being in a quarter of a century is a real American achievement.

It could not have been done without the system of instalment buying. "If every motor car buyer had been obliged to accumulate enough cash to pay the entire purchase price before beginning to enjoy the use of his car," Mr. Raskob declared, "I doubt if there would now be even 5,000,000 cars in use in this country." The circumstance raises the momentous question of the relation between the extension of credit and the growth of industry. Did the new credit system repose upon an economic fallacy which would sooner or later come to the surface and cause the downfall of the tremendous industry? In order to get such light as could be thrown upon the matter by impartial students of economic theory and history, Professor Seligman was induced to conduct his study.

The Professor himself then outlined several of the major conclusions arrived at during the course of the inquiry. The first stresses a point of view frequently discussed in the pages of *The Commonwealth*, and may be reprinted here in its entirety: "In modern times economists have been making intelligible what is known as the economy of high wages. High productivity, high efficiency, high standards of life, go hand in hand with inventive ingenuity, with increase of capital, and with augmented prosperity. In this process no small part is played by the gradual transition of commodities from the category of luxuries to that of comforts and necessities. While it is undoubted that in the case of the automobile there have in individual cases been very decided resultant evils, yet on the whole we cannot regard the automobile as a type of foolish and wasteful consumption." One may add in passing that the task of comparing the merits and evils of the automobile comes back to a constant industrial problem: inventive genius and capital supply goods which the public is not disciplined to handle correctly. Mr. Lewis Mumford declared rather arbitrarily that this problem came into being with the use of bells and clocks; but in all sober truth it seems to be as old as paradise.

In regard to credits, Dr. Seligman asserted that his findings prove that "instalment credit is beginning to do for the consumer what the gradual development of the commercial banking system has done for the producer. If the credit is restricted to the proper commodities, under proper management, it will gradually throw off its abuses and will stand forth as one of the most signal contributions of the twentieth century to the potential creation of national wealth and national welfare." One awaits with interest the publication of the complete text of the study, which is announced by Harper's. No doubt the practice has given rise to abuses which need to be eradicated, just as supervision has cured institutionalized banking of not a few ills. The present investigation ought to go far toward showing what abuses exist, and toward indicating possible remedial action. Meanwhile much has been accomplished to prove the essential soundness of a weapon with which contemporary industry has armed itself. One cannot doubt that the practice will develop and continue.

Another interesting fact concerning the present inquiry is its proof of confidence on the part of business men in the analyses of political science. A generation ago they were all quite content with their own opinions. Everyone sees now that economics has utilized the system of statistical inquiry so intelligently and patiently that it is able to claim for its conclusions a degree of probability. It has now actually become something like a barometer at which one can look to see what kind of industrial weather is likely to prevail tomorrow. If only all leaders of business were as willing as Mr. Raskob has been to look and to be guided accordingly!

HOW PROTESTANTS SEE US

I. MAKING A TRIAL BALANCE

By J. ELLIOT ROSS

(This is the first of two papers by Father Ross to appear in The Commonwealth analyzing the results of a highly significant experiment which was recently conducted in the elimination of religious prejudice.—The Editors.)

LAST spring, Pius XI addressed a group of Italian university students on the question of bringing about a better understanding between Catholics and other Christians in the following words:

It is necessary to know and to love one another. We must know one another, because the failure of reunion work is so often due, in great part, to the lack of mutual acquaintance between the two parties. If there are prejudices on both sides, then it is necessary that these prejudices should cease. Errors, misunderstandings, which persist and are repeated against the Catholic Church. . . . seem incredible. But Catholics also sometimes lack a just appreciation of their brethren; they lack fraternal charity, because they lack acquaintance with these groups. One does not know all that there is of preciousness, of good, of Christianity, in these fragments of ancient Catholic truth.

Pius XI, it is true, was speaking of the Eastern Orthodox churches. But though few of us come into contact with Eastern Christians in this country, not for that reason do his words lack application to ourselves. For what he said holds good, to a large extent, of the Protestant churches with which we are surrounded. These Protestant churches may have drifted farther from the Catholic creed than have the Eastern churches, but they still possess much of "preciousness, of good, of Christianity." If we are ever to lead them to an appreciation of Catholicism, it is just as necessary that we should bring knowledge and love to the task as it is to bring knowledge and love to the task of presenting Catholicism to the Eastern churches.

Our own work of presenting Catholicism to the American people fails, as the Pope points out regarding the Eastern churches, because Protestants do not understand us, and we do not understand Protestants. Of course, Protestants have many deep-rooted prejudices against us. But we should remember that if "Catholics also sometimes lack a just appreciation of" the Eastern Christians, they sometimes, too, lack a just appreciation of Protestants. In the words of the Pope, about Eastern Christians, we lack charity toward Protestants, because we lack acquaintance with these groups.

The first problem, then, is to have Protestants understand Catholics, and Catholics understand Protestants. Some work has been done along this line, but the initiative has almost always come from Catholics and has taken the form of lectures to large

groups. It is significant that a movement has now been originated among non-Catholics to bring about a better understanding of Catholics by Protestants.*

Several years ago, a group of men who had had experience in religious and social work formed what is now called The Inquiry. Their purpose was to inquire into racial, industrial, political and religious prejudices in this country, with a view to lessening somewhat the friction in the community due to these various prejudices. Probably their most spectacular success was a contribution to the solution of the differences between Arthur Nash, with his golden rule shop, and the garment workers.

Just about the time that Pius XI was making the address to Italian university students to which we have referred, The Inquiry was getting around to the problem of religious prejudices, and especially to the prejudices of Protestants against Catholics. The Calvert Associates may feel reasonably proud that The Inquiry, in its effort to devise some sort of technique by which the situation could be studied, turned immediately to them as representatives of a sympathetic Catholic group. For one of the purposes of the Calvert Associates is to do in this country just what Pius XI has been urging in regard to the Eastern churches. They have tried, as far as their resources and abilities go, to bring about a better understanding between Catholics and Protestants, to act as a sort of liaison office between the two groups.

At the invitation of The Inquiry, about a dozen men, including Protestants, Jews and Catholics, met one night at the Hotel Belmont in New York. Emphasis was laid upon the fact that the object of the investigation was not to find a common religious platform on which everybody could agree, nor yet to bring about coöperation in certain civic works, but simply to establish a better mutual understanding between different religious groups. In order to avoid all suspicion of proselytizing or endangering the faith of uneducated Catholics, it was decided that the effort would be to have entirely Protestant groups study their prejudices against Catholics, only calling in competent Catholic representatives to explain the Catholic position.

The upshot of this Belmont meeting was that a staff member of The Inquiry undertook to form a

**The Fairfield Experiment in Inter-Confessional Discussion: The Story of an Episode in an Effort toward a Better Understanding of Catholics by Protestants, with Suggestions for Group Discussion of Religious Differences. The Inquiry, 129 East 52nd Street, New York City.*

group of Protestants in a town not too distant from New York, with the expectation that at the appropriate time a Catholic representative would appear upon the scene. The Inquiry official in this work kept in constant touch with the Catholics who had attended the Belmont meeting, and now makes his report upon the adventure.

Fairfield, Connecticut, was selected as the scene of the experiment. This is a town of about 6,000 population, and is the third oldest in the state. Many of the residents are descendants of colonial settlers. There is no bitter feeling between Catholics and Protestants in Fairfield, but the investigation showed that there was mutual suspicion and a marked misunderstanding of some of the main doctrines and practices of Catholicism on the part of even some of the more intelligent representatives of the Protestant group.

This Fairfield group consisted of fifteen persons, all members of the old Congregational Church. But temperamentally and by occupation, the group was widely divided. There were two school teachers, a physician and his wife, a farmer, a county judge active politically, the local librarian, the matron of a home established by will for "white Protestant women," an insurance agent and his wife, a business man and the wife of an army officer who had lived for years in the Philippines.

In all, eight meetings were held, including the one at which a Catholic priest appeared. All the meetings were in private homes, partly because this made for greater freedom and informality, and partly because it was thought that Catholic representatives would find it easier to appear in a private home rather than in some officially Protestant building.

The first meeting was given over largely to an explanation of the purposes of the investigation. It was insisted upon by the leader

that the aim was simply a better and less prejudiced understanding of the Catholic position. . . . It was necessary to emphasize that church unity was not the real objective of this study. Furthermore, they did not care to proceed, as do some advocates of understanding, by minimizing and soft-pedaling differences and searching for some magnificent platitude upon which all were necessarily agreed, but which probably would mean nothing when they had secured it.

Following its experience in other investigations, The Inquiry prepared three tests that were distributed to the members at the first meeting. It was agreed afterward that these tests were very useful in helping the members to know their own minds and to discover prejudices that they would ordinarily not have suspected. And though these tests might need modification to fit the needs of other groups, it would seem that the use of some such method to stimulate thinking and discussion is an important element in the technique.

The first of the tests used at Fairfield listed nine-

teen different situations in which Protestants might show their willingness or reluctance to deal with a Catholic. Willingness was counted as 0, hesitation as 1, and refusal as 2. Seven members took the test, and so the highest possible score would be 14. Because it gives such an insight into the attitude of this relatively unprejudiced group, the whole result of the test is quoted:

	Refus- al	Hesita- tion	Will- ing- ness	Total Score
Contract marriage with a Catholic..	5	1	1	11
Vote for Catholic as President of the United States	3	2	2	8
Employ Catholic as nurse for your children	2	4	1	8
Appoint one as guardian of your child	2	4	1	8
Vote for one as member of School board	2	3	2	7
Approve of the election of one as member of the United States Supreme Court	3	1	3	7
Accept one as employer or foreman over you	1	4	2	6
Engage one as private secretary.....	2	2	3	6
Vote for one as first selectman....	0	4	3	4
Approve of one as librarian.....	1	2	4	4
Approve of one as day school teacher.	1	2	4	4
Select one as intimate friend.....	0	3	4	3
Vote for one as member of Library board	0	3	4	3
Select one as Fourth of July main orator	0	2	5	2
Invite one to your church to give address at religious service.....	0	1	6	1
Pray with a Catholic.....	0	1	6	1
Admit and welcome one to sacrament in your church.....	0	0	7	0
Discuss religious differences with one.	0	0	7	0
Recognize one as Christian.....	0	0	7	0

The second test consisted of fifty words, all bearing in one way or another on religion. Words having a disagreeable connotation were to be scratched. It is significant that out of fourteen participating, eleven scratched the word, "Ku Klux Klan," which was the highest score. "Parochial School" came next with ten, "nun" and "confessional" were tied with nine, "Knights of Columbus," "holy orders," "crucifix," "His Holiness," "High Mass," "Inquisition" and "Vatican" were all scratched by eight; and "convent" by seven.

Among the other words on this list, it is interesting to note that "Cardinal Newman" was scratched out by only two, and "Cardinal Mercier" by but one person. One individual scratched out every phrase in which holy appeared, including even "Holy Bible." Another eliminated all ecclesiastical titles, such as "His Eminence," "His Holiness," "Princes of the Church."

The third test was the most interesting and helpful in discovering the point of deepest moment to the group. This test consisted of forty-one statements

Protestants were alleged to make against Catholics, followed by a similar list of statements attributed to Catholics against Protestants. This second part was intended to let the group see themselves as others see them. Before each statement were columns wherein the testee might indicate whether he thought the statement was justified, probably justified, doubtful, probably unjustified, unjustified, counting respectively 2, 1, 0, -1, -2. In the total of forty-one statements, the average justification score was 17, showing, therefore, a tendency to believe the rumors.

It is impossible to give the entire results, but the most general agreement was found in believing that: Catholics are too superstitious; they deny the validity of marriage between Protestants and Catholics though legally contracted; they sell the consolations of religion at a price (Masses for the dead, indulgences, etc.); they do not admit the direct approach of the believer to God; they are clannish and stick together against Protestants in politics and business; they put the will of the Pope above conscience; their confessional system makes them less scrupulous about wronging anyone.

But there was unanimous disbelief that Catholic church cellars are filled with rifles, and that Catholics hope to establish the Pope in Washington.

The last statement quoted above, about the confessional, hit upon the topic of most interest to the group, and on which they wished enlightenment from Catholic sources. This interest was emphasized accidentally by a discussion developing in an early meeting about the difference between the Catholic and Protestant Bible. A leaflet published by a Catholic house, entitled, *Why Catholics Should Use the Bible*, was distributed by the leader. This leaflet quoted Leo XIII as granting an indulgence of 300 days to all those who would read the Gospels for fifteen minutes every day. The whole question of the pardoning power of the Church was raised, and it was decided that this above all others should be the topic on which to question some priest later.

In the meantime, one of the members volunteered to read the articles in the Catholic Encyclopedia—available in the local library—on penance and absolution. This introduced the fundamental question of Catholic veracity, and some of the group expressed considerable doubt as to how far Catholic statements could be trusted. They seemed to think that there was one attitude for the public, and another for their own members. Fortunately, the leader was able to read two letters from *The Commonweal* on May 18, 1927, and June 22, 1927, bearing on this very point. They proved sufficiently arresting to dispose the group to read some Catholic literature on the subject. In addition to the report on the Catholic Encyclopedia articles, each member was given a copy of the Paulist Press pamphlets, *The Doctrine of Indulgence* (Pope) *Confession of Sins* a Divine Institution (Con-

way) *The Confession of Sin* (Harney) *Indulgences for Sale* (Thurston) and *Psychoanalysis* (Bruehl.)

As the report mentions:

All the discussions on Protestant-Catholic relationships can be immeasurably facilitated if there is a set of the Catholic Encyclopedia in the local library, and if the leader of the group will familiarize himself and his group with the very stimulating pamphlets issued by the Paulist Press which are designed to cover almost every important Catholic subject.

But it is hardly sportsmanlike to imply that all the misunderstanding is on one side. Encouraged by the Pope's acknowledgement that "Catholics also sometimes lack a just appreciation of their brethren," may we not admit a mote in our eye when we see a beam in our neighbor's? The Pope said:

It is necessary to know and to love one another. We must know one another, because the failure of reunion work is so often due, in great part, to the lack of mutual acquaintance between the two parties. If there are prejudices on both sides, then it is necessary that these prejudices should cease. Errors, misunderstandings, which persist and are repeated against the Catholic Church . . . seem incredible. But Catholics also sometimes lack a just appreciation of their brethren; they lack fraternal charity, because they lack acquaintance with these groups. One does not know all that there is of preciousness, of good, of Christianity, in these fragments of ancient Catholic truth.

Music from Heaven

The angel came at the hour when the night was still,
When the flash of dew was turning to frost on the
hill,

Saint Francis's heart grew chill and yet more chill.

The angel came where the pit of the night was black,
Where there were no stars, and the sun had left no
track,

And the light had marched from the hills, and came
not back.

And the angel bore a bow, and he pressed a bright
Viola to his heart like his heart's delight.
And the angel flamed like the very heart of the night.

And he moved the bow. And loud there crept a
strain

Clear as a song which long in heaven has lain.
It cleft the world as a rain-bow cleaves the rain.

Saint Francis fell on the cell-floor, stark as stone,
He fell on the earth. Such sweetness never was
known.

His heart was gashed, and he could not breathe
nor groan.

He could not breathe. Had the angel played once
more,

He had never risen again from the chill cell-floor.
But the angel smiled, and slowly closed heaven's
door.

DANIEL SARGENT.

A GREAT FIELD'S HARVEST

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

BOSSUET, whose centenary the year now drawing to a close observed with real interest, loved to say that Christianity had given to man *la vie raisonnable*—"the life according to reason." We of the present are not in the habit of repeating this fine phrase as confidently as he uttered it. One does not like to say that faith has become, for many, a recipe for curbing the animal in human nature rather than a guide to the proper development of the reasonable in human nature. Yet this stoical and in a deep sense un-Catholic attitude toward the sources of Christian energy does prevail in many places, helping to strengthen the impression that the progress of modern culture is actually dragging religion along behind it instead of following the lead of religion. Perhaps we are really in need of a cogent theoretical analysis of the matter. Just now, however, it is sufficient, and perhaps wiser, to appeal to the facts of experience.

The Catholic year has been notable in numerous ways. We cannot estimate, for instance, the extent of the missionary and pastoral work of the Church. No one can tell, either, how significant such events as the revolution in China, the advancement of relief work in the Near East and the calling of the Lausanne conference may prove to be. It is more particularly within the province of The Commonwealth to weigh and consider those aspects of the year which may be termed intellectual or cultural, and so to discern—at least in faint outline—what has been the achievement of the Church in promoting that enterprise of religion which Bossuet liked to keep in mind. The summary we offer is necessarily incomplete. Time may even prove its perspective to have been relatively wrong. But we shall probably not go far astray if we remember that the activity of the Church in any age is largely characterized by the directions established by the Sovereign Pontiff. Everybody knows that the reigning Holy Father has enkindled in a very especial manner the enthusiasm of those who serve the intellect. His large and sure grasp of political and governmental principle; his deep interest in scholarship; his anxiety to commend and encourage the work being done by laymen; his magnificent appeal to those who reverence the ideal of a reunited Christendom—these things are so obvious and so good that nobody can help seeing and admiring them.

Great attention has been paid during the year to discussions of political principle, of relations between Church and state, and of historical facts attendant upon these issues. Foremost among all the incidents bearing upon this matter is the encyclical establishing the Feast of Christ the King. In reaffirming the Saviour's dominion over all men, even those who have not been born again through the sacrament, Pope

Pius focused renewed attention on the "glad tidings" which once promised peace and goodness to mankind. It has not been sufficiently observed, perhaps, that the really fresh note in the encyclical was its affirmation of liturgical religion as the proper form of the common life. In other words, the right to teach and the right to worship go hand in hand. Without the one, the other falls upon evil times. Both have been sternly challenged in controversy and practice.

The comparatively barbarous theatre of Mexico has staged an attack upon the rights of the Church which has been characterized by all witnesses as unparalleled for ferocity and injustice. What the final outcome will be no man can tell. The doctrinal contrast between the Church and its enemies has, however, been made perfectly clear. Mexican bishops frankly abandoned all attachment to the idea of union between Church and state, asking only that their just rights as individuals and ministers of religion be respected. The reply of the government has been to assume autocratic powers which have rendered impossible not only ecclesiastical activity but democratic government as well. Thus, despite all else that has happened or may have happened, a great if tragic lesson has been preached to the world over the bodies of martyrs: Catholicism is wholly compatible with democratic rule: the two must be defended at one and the same time.

That this lesson is valuable becomes clear if one envisages the debates which have sprung up regarding the matter in various countries. In the United States, Governor Smith easily carried off the palm of victory over Mr. Charles Marshall, but the issue they discussed—whether a good Catholic can be a good American citizen—remains very much alive. It will figure in many more public and private discussions; and so it is well to consider for a moment the light thrown upon the matter by controversy in other lands. The condemnation of *l'Action Française* has been one of the disturbing facts of the year, bringing as it did great sorrow and bitterness to many French Catholics and fomenting a battle of words which still rages on. If I understand the matter correctly, the antagonism of the Church to this very active monarchist party was based upon three facts: first, the unity and aggressiveness of *l'Action Française* had rendered practically impossible any other form of Catholic political activity, so that it came to seem that in France there existed direct hostility between the Church and democracy; secondly, the party was led by Charles Maurras, an agnostic who strongly supported the Church, not because it was the continuation of the apostolate established by Christ on this earth, but because it was the "form" in which French tradition had

been cast and itself a model of "autocratic" authority; thirdly, this interpretation of political dogma led directly to an extremist defense of nationalism, in which the Holy See beholds the root cause of modern international strife. The break between Rome and l'Action Française is, therefore (in spite of the suffering it causes many individuals) a most valuable commentary upon the Catholic attitude toward political principle.

Much else might be said regarding this basic problem. We shall, however, pass on to consider a highly important corollary. Speaking generally, there is now less disposition among Catholics to organize as a political party or unit. The German Centrum is undoubtedly very useful and commendable, but it has not been accepted successfully as a model. On the other hand, union calculated to draw Catholics together, to elicit forceful expression of principles involved in the discussions of the hour, and to lay the foundations for beneficent religious influence upon the world at large, is being promoted everywhere with a great deal of energy. The past year has brought marked encouragement from the Holy Father to the sponsors of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. It has made quite plain, for the first time, I think, how great a force, both actual and potential, is embodied in American Catholic women. It has also registered advances made by numerous other societies such as the Federation of Catholic Alumni, the Congress of Industrial Relations and its subsidiaries, and the Central Verein. One must also note here the impetus given to the Third Order of Saint Francis by the centenary of the Poverello, so much beloved of all men.

The Franciscan commemoration can also profitably call our attention to much that has been done to promote social betterment. All over the world Catholics have met in congresses and conventions to consider the evils which affect our collective life, and to outline remedial measures. The most significant meeting of this kind held during the past year was, I think, the French "social week," held recently in Nancy and participated in by a great number of first-rate leaders and scholars. In the art of "making the approach" from theory to practice in the discussion of social and economic questions, the French are models whom we might profitably follow. Elsewhere, however, there was also much commendable activity. Who does not know something about the excellent German Görresgesellschaft, which promotes discussion of political action in the light of eternal principle? Or about the Belgian Boerenbund, exemplary organization of farmers? In the United States a very high mark was set by the publication of the Cooley report on the sources of crime. Here evidence gathered by an efficient staff of research workers who had been banded together and encouraged by His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, supplied a wealth of information and counsel which contemporary social practice has received with great enthusiasm.

If research is one indispensable requirement of civilization in its effort to cope with evil, it is also a habit of mind which must be encouraged among all those who today deal with human problems in a Catholic spirit. The era of the haphazard conclusion, the purely tendacious statement, is past; and the manifestation of prejudice, even in matters of detail, merely summons up enemy prejudice. How clearly this fact is grasped by the leaders of the Church has been made evident not only in many statements of the Holy Father and his subordinates, but also in memorable private and institutional occurrences. The point could almost be made satisfactorily by saying that the year will witness the publication of volume nineteen of Pastor's monumental History of the Popes. More impressive, however, was the commemoration of the centenary of Louvain University, at which several of the most eminent living scholars fervently praised the spirit of study which Cardinal Desiré Mercier had evoked, and drew attention to the fact that here was ample proof there could be no real conflict between science and religion. The address of M. Joseph Bédier was especially significant, outlining as it did so forcefully the scholastic creed of the great Cardinal.

In a more general way, the advancement of Catholic scholarship was demonstrated by unusual activity in the field of general scientific publication. The continuation of the work of the Bollandists and of the Société Scientifique de Bruxelles in Belgium; the inauguration of an important series of historical and apologetic books in French, under the general title of *La Vie Chrétienne*; the publication in the United States of the first volume of Universal Knowledge, an encyclopaedia sponsored by the Universal Knowledge Foundation; the steady progress of the Calvert series and the Treasury of the Faith series, English and American books written to expound and defend matters of faith and morals. One must also add the silver jubilee of Hochland, the Munich review, which coincides with the sixtieth birthday of its editor, Dr. Karl Muth. This magazine, like the French Correspondant, is one of the supreme efforts in the domain of literature by Catholic laymen. It has undoubtedly made mistakes; it has sometimes aroused heated controversy: but all in all, it must be considered the highest development of modern Catholic journalism in so far as that has not been devoted to apologetic interests only. Respected by all parties in intellectual Germany, widely read throughout the world, Hochland begins its second quarter of a century with the good wishes of many people.

The realm of literature was described during the past year, in an official pronouncement by the Holy See, as afflicted with a number of serious diseases. Absence of religious belief, the tendency to associate religion and eroticism, the habit of sparing no sensibility in the portrayal of vice—these and other characteristics were set down as meriting reprobation. We may be sure, of course, that the situation cannot be

remedied through disapproval, no matter how forcefully that may be expressed. It is high time to do all in our power to stimulate Catholic participation in the life of letters and art. One is glad to say, therefore, that the past year saw the appearance of at least three new writers who made a deep impression upon the general reading publics of their countries. In France, *Le Soleil du Satan*, by Georges Bernanos, proved that a remarkable new novelist had entered the lists. Numerous European critics have not hesitated to assert that this story, which outlines the conflict between Satan and a heroic priest-saint, almost revolutionizes the art of fiction. In Germany the first novel of Paula Grogger, *Das Grimmingtor*, was likewise received with the greatest cordiality. It is a regional novel descriptive of life in Tyrol, in which profound and reverent psychology mingles with genuine poetic understanding of nature. Similarly, the lyrics of Heinrich Suso-Waldeck, the name assumed by an Austrian priest, are considered significant additions to poetry written in the German tongue. Though we cannot point to any similar success in English-speaking countries, the year has produced many notable books—creative and critical works deserving of far more attention than they will ever receive.

Much else might be said. There is a great deal of evidence to substantiate the claim that a reconciliation is being effected between the Thomistic and modern philosophies. We have time to mention only the beginning of the New Scholasticism, a review published in the interests of scholastic philosophy, and the appearance of *Mind and Body*, a book in which Professor Hans Driesch reinforces many traditionally Catholic concepts in psychology. Similarly the work of building a bridge between Rome and the separated churches of the Orient has progressed very far, as is shown in the continued success of *Irenikon*, the magazine published by those Belgian Benedictines—the “monks of unity”—to whom Pope Pius entrusted the study of this most difficult question. I should like to allude also in more than a passing way to varied triumphs of Catholic education, and to analyze the cultural effect of such community festivals as the Eucharistic Congress. Enough has been written, however, to indicate how fruitful and filled with promise the year has been, and to show the lasting nobility of labor in the spirit of the Faith—“*Sancti Spiritus illustratione*,” as the psalm declares. To carry on is an obligation that remains, at the same time, a beautiful and inspiring enterprise.

AMERICAN PAINTING IN 1927

By MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

DURING the last ten years the personality of painting in the United States has been definitely developed. The date for the contemporary movement in literature can probably be pushed back farther, but among writers there has been no more specific or telling occasion developed than among the workers in plastic or graphic expression. The important American cities each have their autumn exhibitions for painting and sculpture wherein Americans take first prominence. In Pittsburgh the International at the Carnegie Institute is again putting native painters to the severe test of comparison with the creative ingenuity and solid originality of the Europeans. In Chicago, the annual exhibition of American artists has become the most representative showing for artists from the four corners of the republic, and its opening this October again showed gathered into the compact galleries of the Art Institute a comprehensive survey of our life and manners in the significant terms of paint and stone. When we look back at the events in the world of painting during the last decade: at the rise of realistic sincerity in the novel as well as in the painting; at the death of Sargent, which indicated more surely than anything else could just how much our claims to possessing an American master meant and just how much those claims were dependent upon the expert and diverting canvases of a painter who, with his derivations and limitations, was found to bear al-

most no relationship to the essential life of the country which continued to claim him for its own; at the more significant death of George Bellows with his gratifying promise but his achievement unfulfilled—then we are prepared to keep up our curiosity about the overstressed “future” of American art.

In painting that development has a special chance to make itself felt. The intelligible forces of the canvas have always shown an amazing power to interpret and reflect life. This is particularly the case in modern times when the sculptural achievement of the Greeks or the architectural patience of the middle-ages have necessarily been supplanted by the appeal of a medium which presents its spectacle, its analysis of social growths, more clearly and certainly more rapidly. We have been told by Mr. Mumford and others the story of American cities and the architects who first insisted on an adequate and original adjustment of building forms to the physical and spiritual necessity of the life in them. That necessity was never so urgent in painting, for it was never so vitally related to the practical demands which the American characteristically takes as his basis for independence and originality. But the existence of true painters among us has been testified to by the appearance of canvases which have somehow been based on a faith in the reality of the American way of living and of its future. In earlier decades our painters were imita-

tors of outworn classicism; a more recent danger is that they seem to follow too lamely in the steps of later continental experiment. But even so, it may be safely asserted that when the feeling of futurity entered into American art, when it ceased to depend, subtly or obviously, on past or foreign standards, it started to become respectable and important.

The autumn exhibitions of 1927 are showing the still enlarging nature of that importance and the growths upon which it is based.

Stuart, Copley, West and the early portraitists, the Hudson River School, Duveneck, Blum, Chase and Metcalf were without question "piecers out" of hard and fast conventions. Even so notable and encouraging a revolt against his early imitations as Winslow Homer's was not exactly a turn into the direction of an essential originality, even though it did produce a plausible realist. Even today it would be a definite mistake to claim that Americans are without the spiritual and stylistic direction of the French: to disclaim Glackens's debt to Manet, Burroughs's to Chavannes, Kroll's to Cézanne; or to assert that without such varied stimulus as that of the impressionists or of a Daumier we would have arrived anywhere at all. Literary historians are fond of claiming that American literature has only lately ceased being colonial; some judges of art have been even more strong in asserting that American painting will, for decades to come, be a reflection of what older, riper, and more powerful artistic consciousnesses have evolved. "Colonial" is becoming an awkward term, but if native aesthetic is not derivative it continues in a very open way to be receptive. One is led to ask: when did American painters start to develop the sense of an independent future and when did they begin adding to tradition the indigenous flavor which would one day make them American in more than a geographical sense.

Of course, movements of this sort have never consented to start with any historical time-clock. Whistler would have furnished the fixing point had he not become an expatriate in everything except, perhaps, his ultimate audacity. The definition of his real position remains yet to be attempted. Sargent, it is insisted, owed the vitality and spirited freshness in his work to his carefully fostered affection for the United States, but this force in him (if it was a force) was so allied with academic viewpoint and social diligence that he stands at no cross-roads. But he did do one thing. He told the American painter just how far he might expect to go by still adhering to the old mental reservations of the academic artist. George Bellows showed how far achievement might be carried by scorning these reservations and acknowledging a social and aesthetic necessity infinitely more potent.

Every year our outstanding art exhibits give us the acceptable and the diverting: the portraits; the landscapes of Colorado ranges or California sea-coasts

or casual towns recorded in an Italian tour; the city streets and tenement vistas; the colonial houses with patrician façades amorous in moonlight; the quiet interiors; the frank allegories; the still-lives. The really national scope of these shows, and the impressive series of awards, has persuaded the best artists to send their canvases, so gallery visitors in many different parts of the states have the opportunity of noting changes and enlargements of viewpoint. We get the hackneyed decoration in the landscapes, the well-known attempts at character divination in the portraits, the allegorical consciousness in the murals, and the frequently abortive realism in the street-scenes. Color has become a genuine reality and there is a general substitution of realistic candor for the old falsifying poetry. But as one looks at the walls of these galleries another thing, beyond the little devices and familiar perfections, is evident. It is the presence of an imaginative vitality based on the vigorous candor in our contemporary life at its best.

This quality works itself out in different degrees in the exhibiting painters. The ponderous wall panels of Eugene Savage reap their virtues through a dependence on the older attitude; the decorations of Robert Winthrop Chanler, archaic as they often are, persistently point to the future. In the same way Robert Henri (especially when looked at through his entire career) stands against the work of Bellows, whose recently edited lithographs in a complete edition have just appeared to remind us of his exhaustless strength for observation and comment. Similarly Malcolm Parcell contrasts with Charles Hawthorne, Frank Benson with Randall Davey, Frederick Waugh's earlier marines with his later, and the work of such colonists as those in Provincetown with that of the residents in New Mexico. The whole question overrides considerations of technique and exists in terms of style and attitude. Once we have come to realize what that attitude must be, our critical canons will be supplemented with a sure instrument for analyzing our nationality in art.

The presence of several elements, meanwhile, indicates what this ultimate character will be, once it fully arrives. It is encouraging to note that obvious and essentially literary anecdotes, such as were so prominent in the Royal Academy of Leighton and Millais and which still abide there, are fast disappearing in American pictures. Bellows's prize-fight scenes are anecdotal in no restricted way; neither, for that matter, is an interior by Benson or an Indian incident by Walter Ufer. But as the anecdotal tendency fades out the decorative one comes in. Our painters do not have a whole decorative unity such as we get in the tropical arrangements of Gauguin; they specialize in conscious and fascinating stylistic elements as in Barry Faulkner or in atmospheric mannerisms as in Abram Poole. The subterfuges to which impressionism has been reduced in inexperienced hands have, on the other hand, given way to experiments and adven-

tures in a fresh realism. Trees poetized by dawn or evening have been neglected for trees broadly and directly analyzed by the full force of sunlight. There has come a more open and physical presentation of nature in its relationship with man. Added to these traits are the growths in eccentric mannerism in some artists: the sometimes over-affected but always stimulating originality known at its best in such work as John Marin's, Peggy Bacon's, Arthur Dove's and Georgia O'Keeffe's. When the spell of the literal tires, these ingenious imaginations present a remarkable fancy, an incisive satire, or an amazing psychological insight upon which the exhibitions (wherein they are still too feebly represented) will come more and more to depend. The work of such artists may often fall short, but it can never fail to keep alive the promise of vitality and advancing curiosity upon which any true art movement depends.

Virginia Woolf, in one of her very skilful and brilliant essays, has suggested an interesting importance which present-day European art has: its interpretative relation to literature. The paintings of Matisse, Cézanne, Demuth, Derain, Marie Laurencin, and Wyndham Lewis will reveal and disclose to the future the importance and nature of the prose of Proust, Joyce, and the ranking moderns. They will go farther and evaluate and appraise such writings historically. In no recent age as much as in our own have painting and writing meant so much to one another. How difficult it is, for instance, to surround the romantic movement in England with any comparable coeval production in painting. It is the same with Elizabethan poetry and (in a less obvious way) with eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English literature. But beginning with impressionism in its limited contact with the early imagists, the statement of the word has been grasped, illuminated, and transferred by the statement of paint. A superficial aspect of this lies in Beardsley's position among the writers of the nineties. A real and significant aspect lies in the contemporary dependence of literature upon art which Mrs. Woolf has suggested.

Now in America no period or literary development has had an essential and integral value in the light of art. The two have been quite separated and even indifferent in their relations. But the last ten years may, in time, be seen to have changed this state of affairs. A few cases stand out at once: the satire of Vachel Lindsay, Cabell and Sinclair Lewis is sharply duplicated in the drawings of John Sloan, Rockwell Kent and George Luks; the pictures of Charles Chapman, Cornelius Botke and Redfield give visually the world of nature in the poetry of Sandburg and Frost; the realism, ranging all the way from heroic to revolting, of Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson is forcefully duplicated in the paintings of Leon Kroll, Jerome Myers, and, best of all, in George Bellows's fine legacy. This is no negligible or forced unity which is indicated; it is one so essential that any

idling visitor to the autumn galleries must be impressed by it.

The mechanical and spiritual complexity of our life today, over-discussed as it is, will probably continue to obscure the pure intention and clear meaning which American painting will finally come to present. The breaking of currents, the association of influences and derivations, and the refining of original observations: these are the elements which mark the emergence of a real truth and sincerity. Nationality in art should, of its very nature, never be insisted on too strongly. But a glance at any historian will reveal how strongly provincial and patriotic motives have determined the development of schools and masters. In an age when national consciousness is probably too much stressed, it becomes the special concern of reviewers and careful observers to examine the vital records of the arts to see the degree to which this consciousness is revealed as sound or authentic in them. The paintings in the autumn galleries of 1927 offer as certain an index to this aspect of our national independence as one may hope to find.

BRUSH FIRE

By LEO L. WARD

SINCE I was a boy who loved to burn things I have never known any pleasure to compare with the brushwood fire I used to build in the dusk of a November evening.

I would always build my fire down near the two giant cottonwoods, just far enough from the big trees to prevent scorching their lower branches. The orchard lay behind me, and I loved to feel its darkening shadows at my back. And there in front of me, as I sank Indian-like upon my young haunches, was my fire, built of cottonwood branches, and broken limbs from apple trees, and maybe some small oak logs, filched from the woodshed, to give body and permanence to my fire, and a little hedge—green hedge, that would crackle well; and then brown and scarlet leaves, arm-loads of them, to make the smoke which would go upward in gusty, swirling shadows. There I would sit till the moon was high and the frost was white on the back of my coat, and on my face and in my young heart would glow all the roaring, crackling wonder of the fire, and I would be more charmed and terrified than any chipmunk or rabbit that looked on with blazing eyes from the shadows of the orchard behind me. All the frustrations of a boy's painful existence were shaken from the feet of my wilding spirit, as quickly as if they had been my Sunday shoes, and I was off to "a land of no name" with no cares whatever.

If there were stars that night, I knew it not. The low moon climbing up the sky and growing whiter as it climbed (I noticed this about the moon only in later and less intense years) did not exist for me on that November evening. My heaven, sun and moon and stars was my brushwood fire. And my wide, straining eyes discovered new worlds a billion of light-years distant in my dream. Sometimes, at the very core of the fire, where the larger apple branches were continuously turning into coals, I saw the little mountains and rivers and forests of these distant worlds, as also their little crimson seas. And occasionally I could even see miniature cities that came toppling down, to make a picture of flaming ruins.

But—suddenly there was a roasted feeling in my shins and on my forehead. I rubbed my eyes with hot knuckles, and my eyes smarted, and I could smell the smoke stain on my hands when they touched my face. I waddled a few steps backward from the fire, without rising from my haunches. I rubbed my eyes again, this time very soberly, and then I could see that something was happening to my fire. The taller flames were beginning to falter. They were not whipping at the shadows so frantically as before; but for this wavering they soon paid dearly, for it was not long until they were struggling to keep their heads above the coals. Slowly, stupidly, I rose from where I had been squatting, as one would rise from an opiate dream. I forced myself to drag more cottonwood and apple branches and hedgewood from the outer circle of firelight. These I piled onto what was now scarcely more than a bed of coals. The flame leaped again, like a wild thing burst quivering from its lair. And soon my fire was burning brightly, even more brightly than before—too brightly, for it was beginning to need more leaves. I gathered fresh armfuls, raking them together in the orchard with my feet, and in a little while the smoke was again swirling upward and disappearing above the flames like a procession of long-skirted witches.

I moved from the intenser heat, then sat on my haunches as before, silently watching the fire. Once I remember huge, misshapen shadows moving in the lane that ran beyond the two giant cottonwoods, and I heard dull, heavy rattling as the shadows passed. But these were only the huskers' wagons returning late from the fields. For a moment I could see the heaping corn against the bulging knockboards, red in the light of my fire. And some of the husker men, walking beside their wagons, shouted at me, "Hey there, boy, watch out you don't burn them cottonwoods," and others said, "Throw more leaves on yer fire—that's it, you want lots of smoke for a brush fire." But I would never answer them. I did not want them to be shouting at me like that. I knew they were only husker men, in big brown coats, and with grey mittens on their hands, and what could they know about building a brush fire?

The flames were beginning to waver and fail once more. It was not long until they were struggling to keep even above the embers of the fire. But only after they had quite smoldered and the ashes were half grey, half red, did I at last rise from where I had been sitting and start for home. I could see the weak white light of a window fretted with the bare limbs of the orchard trees. I knew the huskers would be sitting there, talking with my father, around a little red-bellied stove. But what did I care for the light of windows or the warmth of stoves? I was bringing home with me the precious souvenirs of such a splendor as only a boy can understand—for all the odors of a brushwood fire were clinging to my clothes, and when I fell asleep, very soon afterward, the smell of burnt leaves was in my hair.

Winter Bison

This is November—that's a solemn sound!
May, June, July, are lightly tripping words;
Dark syllables are trampling on the ground;
This is November—that's a solemn sound,
Like the portentous, heavy thud and pound
Of hoof-beats marking the advance of herds;
This is November—that's a solemn sound!
May, June, July, are lightly tripping words.

MAY LEWIS.

COMMUNICATIONS

WHY THE STUDY CLUB?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Gavigan's letter in your issue of November 16 regarding reading circles and study clubs in the late eighties and early nineties, makes interesting reading, but we are living today in a very different world from that of the late eighties and early nineties. My statement that our Catholic people must have a vivid understanding of Catholic truths, rites, and liturgy, and appreciate "how Catholic culture has turned to the services of God and religion all the wonders of sense and intellect" is of general application and is not confined to any particular period.

Small groups of our Catholic people will always interest themselves, no doubt, in the study of art, literature, philosophy (though not always in Catholic art, Catholic literature, Catholic philosophy.) The members of such groups may have the educational background to profit from these studies. Considerable time and leisure is necessary to pursue them.

But the mass of our people have not this background. These are, after all, specialized studies and may be taken up with advantage only by those who appreciate their relative value. They are largely a matter of taste. There are many Catholics who can talk glibly on Dante or Fra Angelico, but know little about fair wages, birth control or federalized education.

There is a far more extensive field awaiting seed and cultivation among our Catholic people. The study club outlines of the National Catholic Welfare Conference have a definite purpose. There is no thought of restricting the desire of our people for general cultural knowledge or of the study club supplanting literary societies, reading circles, etc. The outlines are specifically designed to give our people a working knowledge of Catholic social problems, of what underlies them, and how they may be solved. I think that is in itself a full and complete task.

It was to meet these particular problems in an organized way that the National Catholic Welfare Conference was formed by the bishops. These problems relate to Catholic education, social welfare, press, immigration, public and private morality.

I have nothing to say against any movement "to make our Catholic people aware of their rich and exhaustive cultural heritage." That is praiseworthy. It is also largely academic. What we need above all things is a practical working knowledge of our religion, and that can only be obtained by setting out clearly and simply the relations between that religion and the problems of everyday life. The great need of the moment is a practical religious education.

PATRICK J. WARD.

THE BOGY OF HEREDITY

TO the Editor:—Your article on heredity, by James J. Walsh, is helpful to those who have been misled by professional men and have suffered unnecessary worry thereby.

There can be no transmission of any ailment or condition, dependent on heredity.

We have what you may call "heredity" in living conditions, environment and surroundings, producing the same or similar ailments in certain families, but terminating when the local conditions causing them terminates.

I am acquainted with dozens of persons who are the opposite in health of their parents, and such ailments as cancer and tuberculosis and the so-called hereditary ones I know to be the consequence of the food habits of the afflicted individuals; and I know families whose parents on both sides were tubercular and died of the disease, to be absolutely free from any taint of it, because they observed proper living conditions. Tuberculosis and cancer can as easily be eliminated, that is prevented in families, as is typhus fever.

Such suggestions as heredity and its cousin evolution should have no place among Christians of intelligence. They are hackneyed excuses to cover up the cause that led to the conditions we may be ashamed of and now try to blame on ancestry or the Creator.

While the primitive consequences of a man's act may be felt in the third and fourth generations, even his child cannot suffer by transmission or heredity—if it does suffer at all, it is by contagion at some stage.

JOSEPH A. CONROY.

LAUSANNE: A SUMMARY

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Readers who were interested in the article by Charles Mercier on pages 611 and 612 of your issue of October 26 might be glad to learn that publications about the World Conference on Faith and Order may be had without charge from the Secretariat, Post Office box 226, Boston, Massachusetts.

The official proceedings will soon be published simultaneously by the Student Christian Movement in London, and by the George H. Doran Company, in New York, as will a popular account by Canon Woods. Dean Soper, of Duke University, is at work upon a popular account primarily for American readers. Before these books appear, I expect to have some pamphlets for circulation from the Boston office, and shall not forget your interest in the subject.

RALPH W. BROWN,
*General Secretary, World Conference
on Faith and Order.*

INDUSTRIAL COÖPERATION IN ENGLAND.

London.

TO the Editor:—In view of your readers' interest in industrial coöperation, I am calling attention to the recently announced policy of the Imperial Chemical Industries, one of the greatest English combines employing upward of 40,000 men and women as scientists, clerks and laborers. Sir Alfred Mond, chairman of the company, in outlining the plan observes: "There is not only a new spirit, there is a new task, in industry. The movement toward industrial peace, the plea I have so often made for a league of industrial peace, is growing apace. Many who but a few months ago were not prepared to coöperate are now anxious to do so. . . . There are no figures on the balance-sheet for loyal coöperation and goodwill and no accountant can evaluate them. But all those engaged in industry know that they are the most valuable assets any company can have."

All workers of five years' service will be given a month's notice instead of a week's or an hour's, as is usual in this land of superfluous laborers. Workers will be allowed up to their fifth year to buy on instalment company stock up to 20 percent of their earnings at about 12 percent below

the market figure, with one free share for every four purchased. Employees of more than five years' standing will be permitted to buy an additional percent for every additional year of service. If a worker dies before his stock instalments are paid, the company will take up his burden and turn over the paid up shares to his heirs. As all shares are ordinary, they carry dividends and the right to vote. Five-years-and-over employees, clerical or manual will be eligible for promotion to staff grade, and at least half will be so selected. They will be paid for bank holidays even if not working and full wages, less national health insurance benefits, for all certified sick absence up to six months in the year. Works committees will be utilized to bring men and masters closer together for a discussion of mutual problems.

Sir Alfred continues: "I have always said that you cannot make the world more prosperous by making the rich poor. What you want to do is to make the poor rich. The solution of our industrial problem is not to destroy capitalists, but to turn the workman into a capitalist."

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

INFALLIBILITY AND AUTHORITY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—La Revue Catholique des Idées et des Faits, a Belgian weekly, has been carrying for some months past a series of articles well worthy of the attention of your readers. One of these series, by Father Yves de la Brière, S.J., on pontifical authority is peculiarly timely.

He reminds Catholics, with a simplicity and lucidity hardly attainable in any language but French, of "certain fundamental elementary concepts. . . on the subject of the duty of a Christian conscience toward a doctrinal teaching or a disciplinary prescript of the Roman Pontiff." After speaking of the official mission of the Pope to teach the faithful the religious doctrine which they are to hold as true, at the summit of which teaching stands the definition *ex cathedra*; after having restated the right concept of pontifical infallibility; Father de la Brière discusses the doctrine of obedience to the prescripts and directions of the Holy See. "It is," he says, "an inadvertence and a grave and damaging error to consider as optional to the individual assent or obedience to an authentic decision of the Holy See, for the mere reason that such a decision is not an *ex cathedra* definition and does not emanate from pontifical infallibility."

"Together with the power to teach Christian doctrine, and to teach it under certain conditions infallibly, the Roman Pontiff possesses also the power to govern the entire flock of Jesus Christ, and to guide the universal Church by the acts and precepts of his supreme authority. Here enters the duty of subordination and hierarchical obedience, which is quite distinct from the problem of doctrinal infallibility."

I would recommend a similar clear and pertinent series in The Commonweal for the benefit of your lay readers who are not, and are not expected to be, theologians, any more than they are or can be expected to be astronomers, but who are interested in the conflicts in several countries between bodies of laymen and papal authority. There is a vast literature on this subject in Europe, notably in France. There are many reasons why America affords the best opportunity in the world today for straight thinking on these subjects, uncomplicated by a thousand extraneous issues which it is difficult to eliminate from European tradition.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Coquette

GEORGE ABBOTT and Ann Preston Bridgers have fashioned two acts of a memorably poignant and sensitive play from material originally suggested by Miss Bridgers, and have wandered into the by-paths of unnecessary plot and contriving for a third act, which is held together only by the unforgettable playing of one of the premier artists of our theatre, Helen Hayes. I cannot share the general unrestrained enthusiasm for the play as a whole, nor, on the other hand, can I find words adequate to describe the apparently fragile yet strong and enduring artistry of Miss Hayes. Her growth as an actress in the last two years has been an event almost unparalleled in the modern theatre, springing, as it most certainly does, not from the mere chance of a good vehicle's having come her way but from a sort of inner flame.

The story of *Coquette* is woven from the antique chivalry, the primitive aristocracy and the over-protected womanhood of the South. Dr. Besant's daughter, Norma, comes before us as one of those dainty flowers whose instinct for innocent flirtation has been nourished from generations back in the hothouse of a land of soft-voiced troubadours. She meets Michael Jeffery, a young man of hot blood, careless speech and unpretentious ancestry. Dr. Besant tries to drive him from the house. Fired by this opposition and the first real love of her life, Norma gives herself to him. Michael is beset by remorse, and wants to marry her at once. She agrees, of course, but her father interferes again. Michael in his anger blurts out the entire truth, and Dr. Besant, following him from the house, shoots him, actuated by the blind conviction that in doing so he is defending his daughter's honor.

The last act is then given over to the day of Dr. Besant's trial for murder. His only defense is the unwritten law; his only chance of acquittal depends on the required testimony of his daughter that Michael Jeffery had attempted unsuccessfully to dishonor her. As the play now stands, the fact that she is to have a child by Michael is supposed to invalidate her father's case. In her dilemma, and rather than appear on the stand, Norma kills herself—thinking, in her bewilderment and torture of mind, that she will thus save her father's life. The motivation of this scene becomes utterly confused and artificial. The natural sequence to the first two acts would be a much simpler, but no less tragic, dilemma for Norma—the choice between saving her father's life by false testimony that Michael had taken her against her will, and saving the memory of the man she loved by admitting what actually happened. Whether or not her escape, under these conditions, would have meant suicide would have depended entirely on the authors' conception of her character. Either alternative would have meant a life of never-ending tragic memory. Would she, or would she not, have had the courage to face such a life?

I suspect that the authors found suicide a more conclusive final curtain, and that, to this end, they manufactured the round-about and seemingly false notion that only Norma's proved innocence could save her father. This, they may have thought, would give Norma's death a touch of heroic self-

sacrifice. But, like everything artificial in fiction or the theatre, its effect upon the last act of the play is disturbing. The strain of simple emotion is broken. A sense of insincerity invades the play, and there remains only the exquisite manner in which Miss Hayes portrays Norma's mental conflict, and her touching farewell to her father before going out to her death.

Any attempt to justify or to elevate suicide in the theatre must inevitably fail, as this fails. It is far better to have the stark brutality of an Ibsen, and permit a suicide, as in *Hedda*, to be its own conclusive comment on character. Perhaps it is a poor box-office formula, but it has at least the merit of artistic integrity.

Of Miss Hayes's performance through every gradation of mood, from her devastating innocence in the first act, through the blind love that carries her away, to the climax of appalling tragedy when she waits for and finally receives the word of Michael's death, there is but one statement to be made—it is the nearest approach to perfection we are likely to see in many a long year. The entire cast, under the direction of George Abbott, achieves a fine distinction, surmounting, among other things, the difficult task of simulating a southern accent without the least appearance of effort or exaggeration. But the one performance which rivals that of Miss Hayes is Elliot Cabot's as Michael. In the second-act quarrel with Dr. Besant he reaches a restrained and virile power as rare as it is refreshing. The staging, to the last detail, breathes, so Southerners tell me, the true spirit of a small town of the South. For its first two acts there is no play in New York at present which can be said to approach *Coquette*. Thereafter, it must regrettably be written, it stumbles badly in the quagmire of contrivance. (At the Maxine Elliott Theatre.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream

THE Max Reinhardt German repertory season in New York opened brilliantly at the Century Theatre, under the aegis of Gilbert Miller, with a flowing, astonishing and at times almost magical performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In it, several of mid-Europe's greatest actors brought their splendid talents into harmony with Reinhardt's grandiose settings and Ernest de Weerth's scintillant costumes. Add to this the interplaying of Mendelssohn's music and some ballet interludes in the woodland of extraordinary beauty, and the evening partook as nearly as possible of that new form of art toward which the theatre is reaching—a union of all the individual forms into one universal expression.

In his exuberance, Reinhardt is open, of course, to many minor criticisms. To say that he is peerless at this moment does not imply that he cannot be surpassed, even in the very near future. At times he falters toward a Christmas-tree complex. The beauty of many of his finest effects is often marred by lack of simplicity. He is a magnificent showman first and an artist second. But even to state this is to over-emphasize the minor fault of a real genius. Who else for example could lend such perfect rhythm to even the slightest scene? In such a minor scene as the quarrel of the

four lovers in the forest they start one by one shaking their fingers at each other. They begin to talk all at once. Their voices mount. The shaking of the fingers extends to the raised arms. Its pace increases with the speech until the sense of rhythmic excitement becomes many times intensified. A small trick if you like but vastly effective, and when applied, as it is, to an entire production, nothing short of electrifying.

Reinhardt makes use of his famous circular platform stage, invented and designed by Oscar Strnad. Around this, and mounting in terraces to a height that seems to scale the stars, the gnomes of fairyland cavort, swing, run and dance, now leaping from rock to rock, now disappearing into mysterious caverns in the ground, now clear in shafts of moonlight, now obscured by wreaths of fog, until one is completely swept into the realm of fantasy and woodland magic. Expert lighting, which never approaches the crudeness of the ordinary spotlight, follows the main action hither and thither, but always in such a way as to leave the impression of a forest night. Not only the stage, but the entire theatre, becomes a place of enchantment, where Shakespeare's fragile contrivances become utterly possible, where Titania is incredibly humbled, and where Oberon rules with such haughty majesty that mortals seem in truth to be the fools.

Next in interest to Reinhardt's masterpiece of illusion, his distinguished group of actors from the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin and the Josefstadter Theatre in Vienna command due homage. Of these, easily the most engaging figure is that of Alexander Moissi—surnamed, for American consumption, the John Barrymore of Berlin. He is, however, a far more serious artist than Barrymore, with an astonishing number of rôles to his credit and a vocal equipment that is probably unmatched on any stage today. His voice has not only a tremendous range and flexibility, filling with ease the vast spaces of the Century Theatre even when used in a whisper; it has also, and at all times, the timbre of a singing voice, giving the full sense of musical expression and richness, effortless and vibrant. His command of gesture and movement is also superb, making him the almost perfect instrument to express that rhythm which dominates Reinhardt's direction.

The Puck of Wladimir Sokoloff was only a degree less effective, an acrobatic, Pan-like figure rather more earthbound than one's usual conception of the part, yet in its own terms a masterly piece of work. The Thimig brothers as Lysander and Demetrius played their romantic farce in a high key, as actors of great finish and effective technique, ably seconded by Maria Solveg as Hermia and none other than our American Rosamond Pinchot as Helena.

Other names must be mentioned, too. Otto Wallburg's vociferous Bottom was a slapstick delight. The exquisite Lili Darvas (wife of Molnar, the dramatist) played Titania with haunting grace. Lastly, where has one seen in years anything more glamorous than the dance of the two woodland sprites by Tilly Losch and Harald Kreutzberg, their movements blended in an evanescent colored lighting and ascending into those starlit spaces which hung lovingly over the enchanted grove? (At the Century Theatre.)

(The Commonwealth invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

FIFTH AVE. **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK
TELEPHONE: MURRAY HILL 7000



UNSHRINKABLE *Canadian Wool* UNION SUITS

Made up North in the Dominion where they know wool at its best and where they know, too, how to make it unshrinkable—full-fashioned as are only the very finest garments—easy, comfortable in fit. For those men who want real warmth without undue weight

\$11.00 *the garment*

MEN'S UNDERWEAR—FIRST FLOOR

The Recommended Half Hose for Winter

Made of imported wool in bright, smart patterns in a fresh variety of colourings, \$2.25

POEMS

Now Autumn Is Here

Now Autumn is here I yearn for a Roman villa
 (A villa and peace!)
 With mosaics of grapevines twined with the leopards of
 Bacchus,
 And a bronze faun from Greece
 Standing jocund and drunk in the midst of a modest fountain
 Where the slow-moving carp
 Nose the water to circles of ripples as thin and as silver
 As the strings of a harp.

How pleasant to sit in a peristyle wide to the sun
 But walled from the breeze,
 And to smell the fragrance of grapes welling sweet from the
 press,
 And see over the trees
 An arrow of wild geese flying—how pleasant to smile
 And, sighing, write down
 A word of regret and content, engraved on wax tablets,
 To some friend in the town.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH.

Phantoms

I pass through miry places,
 Through fever and blood and dust;
 Crushed backs and haggard faces
 Struggle in fear and lust,
 Till over the horrid swarm
 Billowing visions roll
 At the cry of a shadowy form,
 "Behold, I am the soul!"

And they lift, the leaden eyes,
 And they gape, the leaden jaws;
 In brutish, dumb surprise
 For a moment they dare to pause,
 Till wild with envy of light
 They wallow and claw afresh,
 Howling in loathsome spite,
 "Behold, we are the flesh!"

EDWARD H. PFEIFFER.

To a Woman

This is the burden of your woman charm:
 Calm blank water, lissomely warm.

Winds never ruffled its tranquil languor,
 Stirred it to wrath or roused its anger;
 Fishes shun it and birds pass by it,
 Leaving the seasons to mourn its quiet.

Only the frost ever took it to heart,
 Loved it in silence, lamenting to part.

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN.

Traveler's Song

I shall go to far lands
 And in strange lands be free.
 You will stay at home and
 Think of me.

Over golden mountains
 And horizons I shall go.
 In a kitchen you will
 Sit and sew.

I will count the purple birds
 Flying to the sun.
 You will count the stitches
 One by one.

You will be quite happy
 With simple things to do.
 I will wish that I could
 Be with you.

JOHN MULLEN.

Fairy Tale

The sun and the moon are standing still,
 And the wheels of time turn back amain.
 We have broken the door that was barred and shut
 And found the way through the Witch's hut,
 We have taken her joy and passed by her pain.

The spring is endless and love is sure,
 And the dead rose lives where it binds my head.
 We have opened the locks of time and space,
 And yesternight's moonlight floods the place;
 There is nothing old—there is nothing dead.

The Witch stands still by her door and smiles,
 As she always smiles at the joys of men.
 The sun and the moon stand still. . . . They say
 That always the Witch will have her pay. . . .
 I wonder what—and I wonder when.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

Image and Inscript

I tell you, Caesar had fears.
 A soldier for every foot of earth,
 A fleet for every bay and inlet,
 Gold enough in Rome—and still,
 To have stars over your head, and a sky,
 That a Roman soldier cannot march to,
 That the fleet of Rome cannot sail to,
 Space still beyond the lance point—
 Caesar strikes an image in the gold,
 "There is no God but Caesar."

JOSEPH ROCCO.

BOOKS

The Passionate Prophet

Henry Thoreau: The Cosmic Yankee, by J. Brooks Atkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

HENRY THOREAU might be considered a pioneer of that American frontier, the open mind. One of the advantages of living in the United States, oftenest recognized by those who have lived elsewhere, is the fact that nothing here is much more settled than the Culebra Cut. Phrases and platitudes seldom lie long enough undisturbed for the moss of consecration to accrue. Occasionally landslides carry them away. Or successive waves of new-comers, lately arrived at knowledge, want to have the thing scraped and explained for their enlightenment. Here and there the soil may look stiff and static—quite ready for the foundations of a permanent structure. But it does not do to trust it. One can never be sure that, deep underground, powerful shoulders are not heaving and struggling toward what they conceive to be their place in the sun.

Thoreau was born into an era that differed in so many respects from our own that a glance at his environment must precede any attempt to understand the man. It was not a very religious age. It cannot, like our own, be called an unsettled age. But it was, comparatively speaking, plastic. The fervor of the old dogmatic Puritanism had abated. The mithraic convulsions of the camp-meeting had not yet laid hold upon the neglected folk of the frontier and the mountain side, with results that we see and feel in our own day. A good deal of time can be wasted in speculating on what might have happened if this plasticity had continued till education overtook it. What is more to the point, the age gave birth to at least two prophets anxious to remold humanity nearer their heart's desire. Thoreau was one, and perhaps not the lesser of the pair.

Mr. Brooks Atkinson, in his very lucid and satisfying monograph upon the hermit of Walden, examines the question as to the comparative merits of Emerson and Thoreau, and decides that nothing is to be gained by putting the two "on a competitive basis." "Emerson surveyed a broad landscape, was more patient and sympathetic, radiant, indeed, and accordingly he contemplated life through the eyes of his fellows as well as his own. On the other hand, Thoreau plowed one furrow deeply and deliberately, studying passionately what lay at his feet. . . . Neither gave in to the world."

Perhaps this resolute disregard for the world and the world's values is responsible for the stubborn legend of Thoreau's uncouthness, the general conception of him as a "tree walking," notebook in hand. On the contrary, he was a very cultured man, with a fund of knowledge, particularly in old English literature, far in advance of his day. The volume of his erudition, indeed, swamped the first literary venture, *A Week on the Concord River and Merrimac*, a work as unclassifiable as it proved unsalable, filled with "tough lucubrations on history, style, religion, the Greek poets and the Bhagavad-Gita." His demand for the simplification of life was what the French call the "ransom" of his scholarship. "When he attacked society," says Mr. Atkinson, "not in the particular, but in the abstract sense, he smote close to the sources of human unhappiness. 'Our life is frittered away by detail,' he observed in *Walden*. . . . 'Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity!'"

NOW READY

Universal Knowledge

The first entirely new general encyclopedia in the English language in forty years. Indeed, it is the first really complete, general encyclopedia ever issued in this language. It treats all the subjects the other general encyclopedias contain and it treats besides numerous persons, places, things and events which they omit. The reviewers all accord it the merit of being new, complete, unbiased, scientific, compact, plain, reliable and universal. 3,387 articles by 187 writers.

Written by scholars in every part of the world, and edited by the editors of *The Catholic Encyclopedia*. 12 volumes to be completed in two years. Volume I now ready. Volume II in press. Printed in 8-point modern on paper of special make, with illustrations of ninety subjects, in half-tone; ten maps well colored, 8 by 11 inches and seven 5½ by 8½ inches; size of volume, 7 by 10 by 1⅞ inches; 856 pages.

Green cloth, gold and ink stamping, \$6.25 per vol.; buckram, all gold stamping, \$7.50; Half leather, all gold stamping, \$8.75

Other bindings de luxe in ¾ Morocco, \$12.50;
Full Morocco, \$17.50

Studies of the Nations

Nothing is more interesting and nothing more helpful for international peace and friendship, especially in these days of narrow nationalism, than knowledge of the peoples of various Nations, their history, characteristics, customs, resources, industries. Spain more than most other nations needs to be made known more favorably to English readers. This has been charmingly done in the first of these books:

IN THE HEART OF SPAIN

by Thomas Ewing Moore

of the American Diplomatic Service now in charge of American interests at Luxemburg. Now ready, a book de luxe; 400 pages, 53 illustrations, printed on ivory silkote paper, stamped in gold with title and seal of Seville; price, \$4.50, postpaid.

THE CITIZEN AND THE CONSTITUTION

by the Hon. Thomas Dillon O'Brien

former Associate Justice, Supreme Court, Minnesota. \$1.50, postpaid.

"A valuable contribution towards the development of an enlightened public opinion concerning the American constitutional system."—*Virginia Law Review*.

THE UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE FOUNDATION

19 Union Square West
New York

Thoreau's gospel of the stable life, like Thoreau's documentation of nature, has suffered from sedulous aping at the hands of meaner and less sincere men. Mr. Atkinson reminds us that the philosopher was, first and foremost, a practical Yankee. "He believed in success. Like the moderns, he loved progress and growth." But if he was enthusiastic over the effort, he was merciless to the motive which, like the prophet he was, he foresaw casting its shadow over the national story. "The true laborer," he told us, "is recompensed by his labor, not by his employer. Industry is its own wage. Let us not suffer our hands to lose one jot of their handiness by looking forward to a mere recompense." His quarrel was not with life, but with what future generations were to learn to call its "overhead," or with what Mr. Atkinson deftly terms "the general, perennial joke of our manner of living." His own life was not to be a long one, and it is quite likely he foresaw it. In any case, the error of those who pass youth and early maturity in a strenuous aesthetic denial in preparation for some problematical season of security was one he was never tired of pointing out, both by word and deed. "I wish to live deliberately," he wrote near the end, "to front only the essential facts of life, and not, when I come to die, discover that I had not lived."

To Thoreau the nature lover Mr. Atkinson devotes some of his happiest pages. It seems to us sometimes that, like the Indian of legend, Thoreau was, physically and spiritually, "all face." He was the first to demonstrate how essential a factor in American thought the wilderness that lies at our doors might be made. Outing for him was no mere relaxation. It was "his business, requiring more industry than usual." During one trip, the Indian guide "sometimes relinquished the helm to Thoreau in swift water, and frequently asked him the direction." Before the spectacle of primitive and untouched country, a species of rapture seized on him. "Nature," he reports at Mount Ktaadn, "was here something savage and awful though beautiful. . . . This was the earth of which we have heard, made out of chaos and old night."

In Skyline Promenades, Mr. Atkinson, whose activities, it is no secret, lie in a province which concerns itself little with nature, had already given us a taste of his quality. The present book reinforces our conviction that in him American letters possess not only a singularly cool and lucid stylist but, what is far more important, that unique asset, a poised mind. The poised mind might be best defined in terms of its difference from that very different, and only too common affair, the nimble mind. One of its characteristics would seem to be a clear-eyed outlook upon problems half of whose apparent portentousness can be traced to a blurred and hurried vision. And it is quite clear Mr. Atkinson believes that one very good way of attaining the clearer vision is the lustration of a concern with lasting things, with the scents and sounds of field and woodland, with cloud forms and water forms, with the lowly and harmless errands of finned, furred and winged creatures, who praise the Lord from the coming up of the sun to its setting, who are man's companions, and his teachers, "in everything save meanness," would he but heed and harken them, during the brief season of his own bewilderments. "Literature," says Mr. Atkinson, speaking of the famous Journals, "has not another line to approach these passages, and cannot have until another shall take the holy orders, as Thoreau took them, and consecrate himself to the discipline and rigid devotions of that service."

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

The White Sphinx

Cose d'Inghilterra, by Camillo Pellizzi. Milan: Edizioni Alpes.

IT IS generally interesting to note the Latin reactions to Anglo-Saxon standards; they are acute and intelligent, even if they cannot supply explanations. Here we have a book which may be described as a whole series of such reactions. Signor Pellizzi calls England the "white Sphinx"; he states her riddles well, but he only partly answers some; others he leaves altogether. And in the end he is not eaten, but retires with his faith strengthened in his own country, and even in its latest form of self-expression, the philosophy and practice of Fascism. A very interesting spectacle, which stimulates even if it does not enlighten.

His first impressions, apart from superficialities, such as the "dreadful porridge" and "that detestable fat called bacon," are of English isolation and English Protestantism. The idea of English privacy is difficult to render to the Italian, who is inaccessible in his home, but so accessible among his fellows in cafés, in the life of the street, the tram, railway-train and in all the intimate yet very public functions which fill out nearly every day. But Signor Pellizzi manages to convey it very well, and he adds that this reclusion, he thinks, is the secret of English concentration. The Anglo-Saxon self-criticism is a source of strength; the same quality in Italy has been a cause of weakness. It is paradoxes like this that baffle him. English Protestantism is the quintessence of individualism, yet there is a common purpose, a sameness of direction which has created and maintained the British empire. And yet the empire has not grown up from any imperialistic urge; it has been the product of necessity. How that necessity has been met by this people disinclined to think, and caring, in the Latin view, too much for sport, this is unexplainable or, at least, in this book, unexplained, unless we are to find some implication of a reason in the writer's ingenious interpretation of the English sense of humor. The modern Englishman, he says, is a natural barbarian—Matthew Arnold's use of the word—who has had imposed on him a deeper and more serious Latin education than that which the Italians themselves have experienced. His Latin head looks down and contemplates the remainder of his person; it catches the discordancy, and laughs. Hence English humor.

The popular success of Mr. H. G. Wells's Outline of History leaves him gasping, after a few impolite exclamations. "Prodigious cultural indigestion on the part of a man who has never given himself a balanced education." In England, more than anywhere else, the nineteenth century represented an immense attempt to give mankind a new faith; it failed, and the writers who made the endeavor remain as ghosts clinging to the wreck. In philosophy, in science, in politics, in general culture, the writer considers, England stands with one foot on the Encyclopaedia and the other on critical empiricism, gazing at pure reason with a mingled distrust and uncomprehending veneration—a passage which leads up to a very just summing-up of Mr. Bertrand Russell, and of current English philosophy in general. Coming out of the study Signor Pellizzi finds that there has been a decline in morals. In a delightfully arch imaginary conversation he contrives to show the Italian something of the freedom of the twentieth-century English girl, but he thinks that side by side with this freedom there has gone a license not so evident a generation ago. It may be because public comment is franker, or there has been a general decline of reticence, but he bluntly says that to reënter Italy

after seeing England is like entering a monastery. In his view England has conquered alcoholism only to fall into sexual license.

Lastly he comes to what, for many Latin minds, is perhaps the greatest mystery of all, English religion, and in particular the Established Church. It is an accurate historical summary, laying emphasis on the national and political factors which determine the character of the Church of England, in all its divisions, even the most "ultra-marine" Anglo-Catholic, to use Father Knox's phrase. The value of Anglicanism, in Signor Pellizzi's view, has been not universal and eternal, but limited to the contingencies and interests of a particular ethnic and social group. It has developed, it is true, its own aristocracy, but it has limited the horizons, the historical and moral functions, of this aristocracy. Above all it has, by its departure from the authority of Rome, sown the seeds of secession, which have grown, are still growing, and may yet bear fruit in the political as well as the religious and moral sense. The multiplication of religions, not only in England, but throughout the empire, means competition, and this means the widening, or rather the loosening, of moral and dogmatic principles in a perpetual endeavor to maintain some kind of hold over the people. Of this the neo-Malthusian campaign and the attitude assumed toward it by several non-Catholic religious leaders in England is given as a striking example. It is a tendency which, Signor Pellizzi thinks, must lead to an increasing return to the Catholic Church, but he indulges in no extravagant speculations in this respect. He is content, here as elsewhere, to state the facts and leave the deductions and prophecies to others.

JOHN STAPLETON.

Accounting for Tastes

Studies in Recent Aesthetic, by Katherine Gilbert. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press.

TO MOST of us the word art denotes something rather nebulous, rather remote from our "actual" lives. We are accustomed to distinguish sharply between the practical and the artistic, between utility and beauty, between morals and taste. Art, it seems, has little to do with the useful or the good—it seems relatively unimportant. Yet we become, on occasion, curiously and inordinately excited over the selection of our wall-paper, over the music dispensed by radio, over current imaginative literature. Why these violent, these mysterious preferences which we feel daily? Why our so heated arguments over them? Is it because art is for us a precious "escape" from what we imagine to be the horrors of our present existence; or because art is, after all, an indispensable accessory to our lives; or because our very lives are perhaps really a species of art? And what is the essential distinction between good and bad art; how are we to know when our preferences are sound?

When we are harried by these and similar questions and turn for enlightenment to those who attempt to offer it, we soon become utterly confounded, for in few fields of speculation is there so much confusion and such a multiplicity of contradictory and self-contradictory ideas as in the domain of aesthetics. When we turn to the artists themselves, we find them (as did Socrates when he consulted the poets) inarticulate or incoherent, seemingly only semi-conscious of what they are doing. We then consult our own little Socrateses; our philosophers, our aestheticians. But where to begin; where find

A Special Christmas Offer

To help you solve the problem of a distinctive gift for your friends, we suggest a year's subscription to *The Commonweal*. This will be fifty-two weekly reminders of your thoughtfulness and will be, at the same time, a practical gift that will bring to them a full year's quota of reading material that is interesting and stimulating. The year's news of events, men, books and plays will be theirs as a gift from you.

The *Commonweal* makes its first special subscription offer to its readers for a limited time only. The subscription rate of *The Commonweal* is five dollars a year. For *two or more subscriptions* *The Commonweal* offers a special rate of four dollars each. To this special rate should be added the usual fifty cents for Canadian or one dollar for foreign subscription postage. An attractive presentation card will be mailed in time to reach the recipient during the holidays or, if you prefer, it will be mailed directly to you for presentation.

Send *The Commonweal* for the next year to:

Name

Address

Name

Address

Name

Address

Name

Address

Send the presentation card ☐ to the names designated ☐
directly to me ☐

Signed

Name

Address

Enclosed find remittance ☐

Bill me January 1st ☐

a reliable guide to the colossal library of works on the beautiful that has been accumulating since the time of Plato?

Mrs. Gilbert's excellent little book attempts to be such a guide, such a preliminary vade mecum. It is, in fact, the record of the author's own attempts at orientation. She very wisely does not attempt to survey the greater part of her field, beginning with Aristotle or with Kant, but confines herself to a series of tight and well-rounded critical expositions of typical current systems. This is sensible, for it is far easier for us, at the start, to appreciate the notions of our contemporaries—and besides, good complete histories of aesthetic are already available, in Croce's *Aesthetic*, for instance.

The opening chapter handles the laboratory psychologists who are trying to get at the root of the matter by means of tests and measurements, the Darwinians whose explanations rest on biology, the transcendentalists like Messrs. Roger Fry and Clive Bell. Then follow separate discussions of Bosanquet's theory of the artistic medium, of Bergson's penal theory of comedy, of Croce's doctrine of the one and the many, of Santayana's concept of expression, of Charles Lalo's idea of aesthetic relativity. The last is particularly welcome, for Lalo, a prolific French writer, is relatively unknown in this country. Finally, there is a six-page note on *The Ugly*, quite the best thing in the volume.

Having thoroughly digested all that this book holds, the zealous investigator will find himself able to tackle with some confidence the particular systems which appear to him to be most reasonable and satisfying. He will be grateful for its richness in notes and references to source-material.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

A House Divided

Moor Fires, by E. H. Young. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

THE English author of *Moor Fires* has come to be thought and written of primarily as a recorder of family life. Her first two novels to be published in America, *William* and *The Malletts*, both treat of families, or remnants of families, and the subtle interplay of personality upon personality within this relationship. *Moor Fires* comes under the same general heading, although in it the family tie is practically untied and the individual members are left considerably at loose ends. There is no heart, no centre to the group, nothing in reality to draw anyone back to it; and outside lies the whole world of attractions.

The Cannipers are four, so to speak, and a stepmother. The four young people, two boys and two girls, lead an isolated and decentralized life on an English moor. Except for Helen, who very soon comes to dominate the book, they none of them have any very strong feeling for their home; they are all looking toward escape. One boy escapes by marriage, one by work in a distant town, and the younger sister, after futilely and disastrously beating her wings against the impalpable bars, is freed at heavy cost and sent cityward. These three are fully presented, but it is in their relation to Helen that they matter most.

Helen is a child of the moor, yet she is, too, duty's child. This war within makes her a fascinating character but in the end it wears her into madness. The forces are too strong and too antagonistic. She is a difficult character to explain because, though utterly real, she acts much of the time as if she were determined to be unconvincing. She reminds one of Jeanie

Deans in her adherence to a shattering principle in the face of all common-sense; she is exasperating as people in life are exasperating, acting so illogically as to seem incredible. Miss Young has splendidly caught the cumulative tension under which Helen is forced to live, and succeeds in so carrying her tale out from a comparative basis that even the hysteria of the ending is accepted temporarily.

In retrospect, the plot and the characters all melt away before the vital life of the book—that is, the moor. It springs into life on the first page, almost a sentient being under the pen of Miss Young. Its moods lie on the story like shadows. The consciousness of its allure and its threat makes more poignant the spiritual waste in the flickering lives of the young people on its surface. It pervades the story as only English earth can. Something there is in the relationship between the Englishman and his soil that comes to natural flower in fiction, and the gift for this is consummately Miss Young's. She catches the very texture of the moor, its acrid evening scent, its outline against pale twilight horizons; it seems to breathe beneath its low-hung, luminous sky.

GLADYS GRAHAM.

Catholic Immigration

Catholic Action, by George Thomas Daly, C. SS. R.; *Catholic Problems in Western Canada*, by George Thomas Daly, C. SS. R. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THERE is one difference between the United States and Canada which must strike anyone considering the matter of immigration into these countries. Canada was first colonized by Frenchmen, and, so far from decreasing, that French element, which built up Quebec and Montreal, has steadily grown. At the 1921 census there were something less than three and one-half millions of Catholics in the dominion, i.e., 38.57 per cent of the population; and of these, over two millions were in the Province of Quebec. It is worth while remembering that that Province—one of the few parts of the world where Catholics have a free hand—is the most prosperous in the dominion, and that, in excellence of government and general peacefulness, it stands in the front rank of the world. There is no similar non-British element in the early history of the United States, for the Dutch settlers left no solid body of descendants.

Apart from these French-speaking Catholics, there is a constant flood of non-British immigrants into Canada. From 1908 to 1915, about two and one-quarter millions entered Canada, of whom rather more than three-quarters of a million were British and the rest from continental Europe—40,000 Catholics among these immigrants in 1926, and doubtless similar numbers in the other years. Many are of the Latin rite but there are also many Ruthenians—there is one Ruthenian bishop for all of Canada—Greek Catholics and so on. Much indignation was expressed in the recent triennial synod of the Anglican Church over the fact that the government of Canada salaries some twenty or more Catholic priests to look after immigrants but only one or two Anglican or Methodist ministers; naturally the Orange lodges are in full cry over this new hare. But if they would look at the facts for a moment they would see that they are on a wrong scent. The government of Canada is not anxious to pay salaries to Catholic priests, but here is this enormous flood of Catholic immigrants which has to be dealt with, and dealt with by those of their own faith who speak their own tongue. The Abbé Casgrain, who looks after the immigrants at Quebec as they land from

the boats, usually has to talk to the flock in any one of a half a dozen languages. There is no such non-Catholic problem, hence the difference complained of.

The same synod made complaint through the mouth of one of its representatives that the direct policy of the Catholic Church was to press the Protestants into "the narrow strip" in the south of the Province, filling all the rest of it with Catholics. The episcopate may feel flattered that they are rated so high as conspirators against their countrymen, or they may not, but like the flowers that bloom in the spring they have nothing to do with the case, nor has any other Church agency. It is one which flows from perfectly natural and easily observable facts. The French Canadian is industrious and thrifty; he rejoices in huge families; and the members of those huge families have almost universally an agricultural bent and comparatively seldom long after the pleasures of the city. The Protestant Ontarian is also industrious and thrifty, no doubt, but his ideal is the small family, and very often the members of that small family have no idea of remaining on a farm but make for the already over-crowded cities in Canada or in the United States. There can be only one end to such a state of affairs: the French Canadian is moving south, and occupying the farms that others will not work.

To some small extent there is a westward drift of this population, but the vast prairie areas are the goal of a large proportion of the immigrants from continental Europe, so many of whom are Catholics by upbringing. In a short time they will be voters and their votes, added to those of the French element, will mount up seriously—so think the non-Catholic bodies. No one doubts that the union of Methodists, some Presbyterians and the few Congregationalists in Canada into what is known as the "United Church of Canada" was largely brought about by this fear. Dr. Chown, superintendent at the time of the Methodist body, made this clear when he wrote at the formation of the union: "I would say with all conviction that if the major churches of Protestantism cannot unite, the battle which is going on for the religious control of the country will be lost in the next few years. I refer not to the school question only but to the whole movement within Canada in the religio-political realm."

That the religious organization named desires to control the dominion politically is clear from their desperate battle for prohibition in Ontario (wherein they received a severe defeat) and by their public manifestoes on other political questions. And at the recent Anglican synod alluded to above there appear, from the reports in the public press, to have been pourparlers as to a further union which, again it would appear, have been received with considerable warmth.

From what has been said it will be understood how important it must appear to the party of whom we have been speaking to get hold of this vast incoming population of often—perhaps usually—very ill-instructed Catholics, all soon to be voters, and to persuade them that Codlin's the friend, not Short. And that is what is being done by active workers, the emissaries of a strong organization backed by large finances.

These proselytizers are in deadly earnest, and really believe that the Catholic faith is a soul-destroying thing. So they ask their wealthy members to help them to build the Kingdom of Christ in the Prairies, as they put it, and very naturally their wealthy members do their part. What Catholics should do, says Father Daly very properly, is not to spend their time denouncing the proselytizers, but to sit down to the more difficult task of frustrating them by looking after their own co-religionists. They have, says he, a far too great tendency to

GORHAM

Ecclesiastical Productions

RELIGIOUS ARTICLES OF DISTINCTION



Chalices, Pyxes, Holy Water Sprinklers in Gold and Silver.

Rosaries and other articles of personal devotion.

St. Christopher Medals in gold, silver, bronze and enamel.

Appointments for the Altar. Church Decorations.



GORHAM

Fifth Avenue at 47th Street

New York

"The Largest Producers of Sterling Silverware in the World"

THE Faithful of the Archdiocese of New York Are Asked to Communicate with the Diocesan Office in Reference to the Home and Foreign Missions of Our Holy Faith, Mass Offerings, Membership Enrollments for the Living and the Dead, and Various Means of Assisting the Many Mission Needs Will Be Gladly Received at

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith

462 Madison Ave. (cor. 51st St.), New York City

Rt. Rev. JOHN J. DUNN, D.D.
Chairman

Rev. THOMAS J. McDONNELL
Director

Plaza 4476

BURR PRINTING HOUSE

FOUNDED 1837

FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.



CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

think purely parochially. A few perhaps extend their vision to the diocese; how many go beyond that? Not many. Yet here is the chief centre of attack—the Verdun of this engagement; and if the Catholics of Canada do not rush reinforcements into that area, these poor, ignorant immigrants will be lost for ever to the Church.

The French, English, Irish, Scotch Catholics of Canada must forget their separate origins for the moment, and remember nothing but that there are other Catholics near at hand in danger of losing their faith. That is Father Daly's message to his fellow-countrymen, and it may earnestly be hoped that they will not turn a deaf ear to it. For those of us who live south of the boundary line perhaps there may also be food for thought in this matter: let us consider what meaning this message may have for us.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Horns of Elfland

A Horn from Caerleon, by J. Corson Miller, \$1.50; *Cliff Dwellings*, by Glenn Ward Dresbach, \$2.00. New York: Harold Vinal.

God's Drum, by Hartley Alexander. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$7.50.

THE muse of J. Corson Miller is so fruitful in the magazine pages, so facile in her expression and finished in her style, that one is apt to overlook the high points in this poet's production, and to classify him not according to his best but according to his average performance. His decorative notes are not always out of the ordinary, and an excess of epithet rather dulls the flow of his singing: nevertheless, among all this easy verse one finds a splendid title poem in *A Horn from Caerleon*, a virile piece of poetical pageantry. The Valley of the Vanished Kings recalls, unfortunately, the galloping riders of Louise Imogene Guiney's masterpiece; The Noël of Knights and Kings is heavy with the glamour of the Rossettis and the pre-Raphaelites. Mr. Miller sings more loftily in the fine moods of his *Moon-Mist*, the exquisite sonnet on Beatrice and the swinging strength of his *Grotesquerie*.

God's Drum is a fine piece of native bookmaking from E. P. Dutton and Company, with vigorous drawings by Anders John Haugseth to harmonize with the American Indian text of Hartley Alexander, known for a previous excellent collection entitled *Manito Masks*. *God's Drum* makes up an epopee of prairie life, of the Pueblo lands and the temples of the Aztecs.

Tracing the vanishing of the totems and kivas, Mr. Alexander carries his lyric story into the missionary fields of the Franciscans. This is all primitive and graphic song, as is appropriate to its setting. His final chapter is given over to the Aztec gods, their terrible powers, the beneficent grantings of rains and shadows on the sun-parched earth, a chapter of lamentation and self-annihilations peculiarly primitive and beautifully rendered.

In *Cliff Dwellings*, by Glenn Ward Dresbach, we come across the new collection of a poet who has won golden spurs in previous volumes—*The Enchanted Mesa* and *In Colors of the West*. Mr. Dresbach's contributions to the American magazines are daily adding to the high estimation that poetry-lovers have of his work—highly crystallized, graphic poems, sincere and simple in concept and honest in their affiliations with his native soil and its people. Some of our local pretenders would do well to lay aside the symbolic lyre of their studios and follow this poet into the open.

THOMAS WALSH.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. Lamb.

"You remember, Britannicus, the stories about my stay last year in Quito and the delightful circle of older Ecuadorians that made the visit so charming? I don't recall whether or not I told you of the Señora, the pious widow of Don Hermenegildo García y Kohlmann, who entertained me so splendidly in her town-house where all the luxury of her native land was spread out before me in the old Colonial style. Picture a demure grey façade and a simple doorway, Britannicus, leading directly into a lovely patio almost monastic in its planning; the rooms opening out on all sides bulging with heavily upholstered furniture; gold frames holding original paintings of old masters; cheap copies and trashy prints crowding on the walls; religious images and pictures of well-known Roman and French Madonnas on every side. Then back through corridors we passed to courtyard after courtyard, until we peeped into the servants' quarters. It was a town within a town. There were swarms of Indian servants, mostly elderly women with bare feet, moving silently at their tasks; great cages of canary birds and tanks of gold fish; and amid all this the Señora, absolute monarch of her realm, her son, the boisterous fat boy Estevano, and her daughter, the lovely, pale girl called Concha after Our Lady of the Shell. Musical instruments, pianos, guitars and mechanical organs and victrolas stood in every corner; behind all this the privileged chapel of the Señora glittered like a gold penny with the latest religious bric-à-brac from Brussels and Munich; and in the parlor constant visitors from the neighboring convents and monasteries, chatted with the hostess, a large, plain-faced woman garbed almost with conventional severity, her gray hair parted in the middle and drawn severely down across her ears.

"Tragedy of tragedies, my dear Britannicus! The Señora has arrived in New York and I have attempted to return her Quito hospitality by offering her an entertainment in American style. My first proceeding was to order a fine dinner one warm evening on the thirty-fifth story of one of our best hotels. The elevators and the height proved to have no effect whatever on the Señora and her son and daughter, inured from birth to the peaks of the Andes and the valley towns and lakes of their territorial possessions. But we had hardly started in with oysters on the half-shell when a deadly glare came into the eyes of my guests, who had never seen anything like the grey, viscous shell-food in their native land. One and all refused to touch the strange dish, but on my persuading the Señora (who, after all, is a Trojan mother and a daughter of the Crusaders) to swallow one of the bivalves, she did so with a heroic gulp during which I heard a convulsive kick under the table.

"The young people still proved intolerant when some fine cream of sorrel soup met with the simple veto that it was sour. It was when the broiled lobster was brought in its screaming scarlet that I realized my mistake. The Señora at the sight gave a spasmodic jump, which told me that in some way or other she associated the viand with the livery of Beelzebub. Nobody would touch the incarnate dish; for once, Britannicus, I had my fill of the crustacean that we love so much! My lovely pink roast beef was then received with the criticism that in Quito they were accustomed to cook their meat before serving it. You can imagine my despair at seeing my expensive dinner left untouched. I thought, at least they will eat my dessert of ice cream, but a general veto was put upon that also, as extremely cold dishes would injure their stomachs irreparably. Muttering a private Latin curse, I led them back to the street



NEW AND RECENT BOOKS BY LEADING CATHOLIC AUTHORS AS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR EVERYBODY



NEW

THE EUCHARISTIC PRIEST

Reflections on the Blessed Eucharist as the Center and Inspiration of the Sacerdotal Life.

By **MOST REV. ALEXIS H. M. LEPICIER, O.S.M.**
Archbishop of Tarsus.

12mo, imitation leather, flexible, gold side stamp, with frontispiece. Net, \$2.00. Postage, 10 cents.

NEW

LETTERS OF A BISHOP TO HIS FLOCK

By **HIS EMINENCE GEORGE CARDINAL MUNDELEIN**
Archbishop of Chicago

12mo, cloth, with illustrated jacket, a frontispiece and one double page illustration. Net, \$2.00; Postage, 15 cents.

NEW

THE PRIEST AND SAINT PAUL

An Interpretation of the Writings of St. Paul bearing on the Priesthood.
Translated from the German of
REV. OTTO COHAUSZ, S. J.

By **REV. LAURENCE P. EMERY, M.A.**
12mo. Cloth. Net, \$2.25. Postage, 15 cents.

THE HYMNS OF THE BREVIARY

By **REV. MATTHEW BRITT, O.S.B.**

COMMUNION DEVOTIONS FOR RELIGIOUS

Preparations and Thanksgivings for the Daily Use of the Members of All Religious Communities.

By the **SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME**,
Cleveland, Ohio

Preface by **REV. FRANCIS P. LE BUFFE, S.J.**

16mo, imitation leather, limp, round corners red edges, Net, \$2.75. American seal, limp, gold side, gold edges, Net, \$3.75. Postage, 15 cents.

THE DEFENSE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Combined with a Study of the Life of Christ Based on the Gospels
A Text-Book for Colleges and Universities
By **FRANCIS X. DOYLE, S.J.**

*Professor of Philosophy and Apologetics,
Georgetown University*

With the Complete Text of the Four Gospels Having Passages Relating to the Divinity of Christ and The Church in Outstanding Types and with a Map of Palestine.

8vo. Cloth. Net, \$2.75. Postage, 15 cents.

THE IDEALS OF ST. FRANCIS

By **HILARIN FELDER, O.M.Cap.**, Author of "Christ and the Critics," etc.

A New Novel THE LAMP OF DESTINY

By **ISABEL C. CLARKE**

A New Story for Boys and Girls MISSISSIPPI'S BLACKROBE

A Story of Father Marquette, by **NEIL BOYTON, S.J.**

THE CATHOLIC TEACHER'S COMPANION

A Book of Self-Help and Guidance.

By **REV. FELIX M. KIRSCH, O.M.Cap.**
Rector, Capuchin College, Catholic University of America.

Preface by **HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL DOUGHERTY**,
Archbishop of Philadelphia. Introduction by **REV. GEORGE JOHNSON, Ph.D.**, *Professor of Education, Catholic Sisters' College.*

16mo, imitation leather, limp, round corners, red edges, Net, \$3.00. American seal, limp, gold side, gold edges, Net, \$4.50. Postage, 15 cents.

THE MIND

By **JOHN X. PYNE, S.J.**

Professor of Philosophy, Fordham University

380 pages. 12mo. Cloth. Net, \$2.00. Postage, 10 cents.

"The Mind" is a presentation of Scholastic psychology in the language of the twentieth century.

"The author is gifted with the art of making crooked ways straight and rough roads even. Without weakening the science he makes it easy and pleasant to read. Seldom if ever does one come across so attractive a work on psychology."—*The Ecclesiastical Review*, June, 1926.

PRAYER BOOK FOR RELIGIOUS

A Complete Manual of Prayers and Devotions for the Use of the Members of All Religious Communities. Practical Guide to the Particular Examen and to the Methods of Meditation.

By **REV. F. X. LASANCE**

Small 16mo. 1200 pages. Size, 7 x 5 inches. Imitation leather, round corners, red edges, Net, \$2.50. American seal limp, round corners, gold edges, Net, \$4.00. Turkey Morocco, limp, plain sides, round corners, red under gold edges, Net, \$6.00. Postage, 15 cents.

IMMOLATION

The Life of Mother Mary of Jesus
(MARIE DELEUIL-MARTINY)

Translated and adapted from the French of Abbe L. Laplace by **Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. F. Newcomb, P.A., J.C.D.**, with preface by **Rt. Rev. John J. Swint, D.D.**, Bishop of Wheeling.

8vo. Cloth. With Frontispiece and 11 Illustrations. Net, \$3.75.

"It is a story of unusual virtue and rare achievement. . . . It is well that the world should know it."—*The New World*.

Translated by **BERCHMANS BITTLE, O.M.**, Cap.

Preface by **JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., Ph.D.**

8vo. Illustrated. 510 pages. Net, \$4.00. Postage, 15 cents.

12mo. Cloth. Handsomely bound. Net, \$2.50. Postage, 15 cents.

An absorbing story with a strong human interest vein running through it, which will please any reader.

12mo. Cloth. With Frontispiece. Net, \$1.25. Postage, 10 cents.

POPE PIUS XI SENDS HIS BLESSING TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MOST POPULAR PRAYER BOOK (MY PRAYER BOOK) AND GIVES HIS APPROVAL TO FATHER LASANCE'S PRAYER BOOKS

His Holiness wishes that these volumes, which assuredly will promote the spiritual life, may receive an ever-increasing welcome in all the Christian families of your great country.

(From letter to Father Lasance, written at the Pope's direction, May 10, 1927, by His Eminence, Cardinal Gasparri.)

MY PRAYER-BOOK. Happiness in Goodness.

	Regular Edition (No. 144)	Retail
2002	Seal grain cloth, stiff covers, sq. cor.	\$1.65
2003	Imitation leather, round cor., red edges.	1.85
2012	Imitation leather, seal gr., rd. cor., gold edges.	2.25
3015	American seal, limp, gold side, gold edges.	2.75
3023	American Morocco, limp, gold edges.	3.25

Reflections, Counsels, Prayers, and Devotions. Contains also Marriage-Mass. 702 pages. Size, 5 7/8 x 4 inches. The Most Popular Prayer Book in English.

	India Paper Edition with Epistles and Gospels (No. 146)	Retail
3023	American Morocco, limp, gold edges.	\$4.25
4017	Turkey Morocco, red under gold edges.	7.00
	Large Type Edition (No. 144L)	
2003	Imitation leather, red edges.	\$2.25
3015	American seal, limp, gold edges.	4.00

The Catholic Girl's Guide

Counsels and Devotions for Girls. 680 pages. Oblong 16mo. Size, 5 1/2 x 3 3/4 inches.

The Young Man's Guide

Counsels, Reflections and Prayers for Catholic Young Men. 782 pages Oblong. 32mo. Size 4 1/2 x 3 1/4 inches.

Either of these two books in bindings at retail, \$1.75; \$2.00; \$2.50; \$2.75; \$3.00; \$4.25; \$4.75; \$5.00 and \$8.50

A complete list of Father Lasance's Prayer Books Approved by Pope Pius XI will be sent on application

BENZIGER BROTHERS

ESTABLISHED 1792

NEW YORK.....36-38 Barclay Street
CINCINNATI.....429 Main Street
CHICAGO.....205-207 W. Washington Street

URSULINE ACADEMY

Grand Concourse (East 165th Street), New York City

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Resident and Day Pupils

Boys admitted to the Elementary Departments

Chartered by the University of the State of New York

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY

MOYLAN—ROSE VALLEY, PA.

Fifty acres—fifteen miles from Philadelphia

Replaces the Boarding Department of Notre Dame Academy,

West Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia

Affiliated to the Catholic University and Trinity College

Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur

Address: SISTER SUPERIOR

College of Saint Elizabeth

MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY

(P. O. Address Convent Station)

A Catholic college for women, registered by the New York State University, and the New Jersey and Pennsylvania State Boards of Education. Intensive courses open to students preparing for the teaching profession. Home economics department. Bachelor degree in arts, science, and music.

ELEVATORS

ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON

EVEN A CHILD CAN OPERATE THEM WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY

BURWAK ELEVATOR CO. NEW YORK CITY 216 FULTON ST.

MELROSE ACADEMY

School for Girls

Students prepared for COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS

Music, French, Art, Vocal Expression, Physical Culture. Small classes, Melrose Park a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia. 30 acre campus. All outdoor sports. Standard hockey field.

Term begins September 20

Conducted by the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart

ACADEMY OF THE ASSUMPTION

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASSACHUSETTS

Boarding and Day School for Girls

General, College Preparatory and Secretarial Courses offered. Special Courses in Music, Art, Foreign Languages and Expression. Junior and Intermediate Departments make provision for work preparatory to High School. Extensive grounds for outdoor recreation. Tennis, basketball, horseback riding, tobogganing, skating.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY for Boys

from five to fourteen years is under the same management. Competent instructors in Military Drill, Athletics and Horseback Riding. For catalogue apply to SISTER SUPERIOR.

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE

For Women

4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy

Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art

Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes

Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters

Send for Announcement

where a sudden inspiration seized me at sight of a Child's restaurant. 'Yes, Señora, you must try some of our American griddle cakes and coffee.' They did, pleasure beamed from their hungry faces. Three orders apiece of griddle cakes, and I led them to the motor buses destined for Coney Island.

"En route for Coney Island, the Señora relaxed amid the sea of lights that extended over the eight or ten miles of the motor trip. She was all eyes, all excitement as she murmured a litany of 'Que moderno!' 'Que progreso!' until we reached the brilliant lights of Luna Park and the blazing horrors of the Coney Island Bowery. Must I tell you, my dear Britannicus, of the childish delight of the brave Señora as I seated her on the proud horses of the merry-go-rounds? My realization of her sturdy character was complete when we reached the great scenic railroad, the devil's dip, and I suggested that young Estevano and his sister should take a ride, urging that it would be more decorous if the Señora and I should share a bench and await their survival from the airy churning. The young people on their return from the first course shouted to the Señora to get aboard, so with a 'Con permiso' she and I took a seat on the last car and started off for a journey through the stars. The duckings and champings of the ride proved so truly infernal that I alighted leaving my friends wild with enthusiasm to continue their gyrations alone. After the fifth round the Señorita Concha was lifted off the car and left in palpitating condition on the bench beside me. The Señora and her plump heir went off on the sixth round, when the youth retired into a corner to cover up his unpleasant symptoms, and to my amazement, the Señora started off alone for a seventh and eighth. She finally stepped off the cars of the devil's dip saying that she was coming back for the ride every night she remained in America.

"Need I tell you, Britannicus, that I hurried my flight out of town to my Hermitage and did not return for several weeks? I called on the Señora at her hotel and found her flushed with health and enjoyment. They had gone back every evening to the devil's dip, and had lived for two weeks exclusively on Child's griddle cakes and coffee. This was the finest dish in America, and they were unable and afraid, besides, to order anything else in the restaurants. I folded my hands devoutly when they sailed off for England, but I must say that my feeling for the Señora has risen to a positive veneration."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

REV. J. ELLIOT ROSS, C.S.P., chaplain to the Catholic students of Columbia University, is the author of *Consumers and Wage Earners; The Right to Work; and Christian Ethics.*

DANIEL SARGENT, a critic and poet of Boston, is the author of *Our Gleaming Days; and The Road to Welles-Perennes.*

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL, a member of the faculty of Loyola College, Chicago, is a contributor of literary papers to the American periodicals.

REV. LEO L. WARD, C.S.C., is the author of special papers on agricultural topics.

MAY LEWIS is a contemporary American poet.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH is a poet of New England whose books include *Fox Footprints; and Atlas and Beyond.*

EDWARD H. PFEIFFER, recently deceased, was professor of English in the University of Santa Clara, California. He was joint editor of the *Anthology of Catholic Magazine Verse (1925-1926.)*

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN is a member of the contributing staff of *The Oregonian.*

JOHN MULLEN and JOSEPH ROCOCO are new contributors to *The Commonwealth.*

MARGARET WIDDEMER, poet and novelist, is the author of *The Old Road to Paradise; and Cross Currents.*

JOHN STAPLETON is a well-known British author and journalist.

ERNEST BRENNCKE, JR., is a literary critic, author of a study of Thomas Hardy, and a lecturer in English literature in Columbia University.

GLADYS GRAHAM is a contributor of literary criticism in the *American Magazines.*

SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, professor of anthropology in Saint Michael's College, Toronto, is the author of *A Century of Scientific Thought; The Church and Science; and The Romans in Britain.*